MOOK

TRUE TALES ABOUT
A CHINESE BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

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MOOK, A TRUE TALE.

This is Mook

MOOK

TRUE TALES ABOUT A CHINESE BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

BY

EVELYN WORTHLEY SITES

INTRODUCTION BY

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TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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Copyright, 1918,
BY
EVELYN WORTHLEY SITES

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BRATTLEBORO

TO THE BROWNIE TWINS
BETTY AND FRED,

AND ALL OTHER GIRLS AND BOYS WHO CAN
STRETCH OUT THEIR HEARTS TO TAKE
IN THE CHILDREN ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE WORLD

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Dear Boys and Girls:

Once upon a time I knew six little American children in China. They were nearly always upside down; they would only sit right side up to eat their dinners and to listen to stories. And whenever their mother began to tell a story they would say: "Mother, is it true?" They didn't want to listen if it wasn't true.

I know that every story in this little book is true, because I was right there and I saw the things that happened with my own eyes.

Evelyn Worthley Sites.

INTRODUCTION

The main effect of this book is to impress one with the limitless possibilities for good, if proper help could be extended to the Chinese. At least that is the principal impression I have received after reading it in manuscript and again in proof.

Much the same impression is likely to be made upon children. The tale is primarily intended for them, having been written from the point of view of children and dealing largely, though not wholly, with them.

The means by which this effect is assured shows a high degree of educational skill. First of all, the facts presented are vital. The poverty and suffering of the masses in China, together with their superstitions and injurious customs, are dealt with at length. Abstractness is avoided, however, by presenting these always in their personal or individual setting. Along with such matters are included the hopes and ambitions, the energy and skill of the Chinese children, and their keen appreciation of favors and of opportunities for improvement. The outcome, for the reader, is not only sympathy, but a high degree of respect for the Chinese. They have ability; what they need is opportunity. The sense of obligation toward these people thus produced is followed up at the ends of the several chapters by suggestions of things that might be done for them, such for example, as the sending

of pictures, toys, money, etc. Even these suggestions are offered in a most attractive way. In fact, this feature possibly shows most fully the skill of the author.

This kind of literature is of special importance at the present time. Owing to recent events we comprehend far better than formerly the worth of mutual understanding and sympathy among the different peoples of the earth. And educators now realize that extensive attempts in this direction should be made with children. Their attitude toward foreigners is a very large factor in the total altitude of our society.

School text-books have heretofore accomplished very little in this respect. Most geographies and histories, for example, give remarkably little space to China; and the effect of the statements they do contain often tends more toward contempt for these people than toward sympathy and respect. Granting that each nation has many virtues, indeed, superiorities over others, we must find space to present these qualities. This book is a real contribution in that it leads in this direction so successfully.

F. M. McMURRY
Teachers College, New York City
Dec. 24, 1918

CHAPTER I.

MOOK.

THE LOVELIEST LAND I KNOW.

Come draw up close, and I'll sing you a song
Of the loveliest land I know,
Where sweet birds carol the whole year long,
And there never is ice or snow;
Where hillsides blossom with posies gay,
And brooklets laugh in the merriest way,
'Tis just a beautiful place to play —
The loveliest land I know!

There are sturdy lads who will welcome you
To the loveliest land I know;
They will show you things that are strange and new
Wherever you choose to go;
There are girls as winsome as girls can be
Who will curtsy shyly and bring you tea;
Oh, don't you want to go home with me
To the loveliest land I know?

These are the boys and girls welcoming you to China with pretty China flags. The little girl in front seems to be dressed like a boy, but you mustn't mind that; it is their custom. You see she has a flowered dress, while the boy's suit is plain. She is a very womanly little girl; and they're all most lovable children!

CHAPTER I.

MOOK.

Little Mook sat up on the bed and stared in terror.

He wanted to cry — it was such a strange Creature! Was it a man or a woman — or one of the terrible devil-ghosts his uncle talked about? But then the Creature smiled and looked kind — surely the Creature would not eat him!

He held on steadily until the Creature went away and then he cried — not aloud; he was not a baby. He heard the Creature saying strange words in another room; he could not understand them, but these were the words:

"There's a child in the cook's bed-room. He is scared to death; I wonder who he is?"

Strange things had happened of late; and this was the very strangest! First his kind father, the big man who used to give him cakes, was sick with a disease that made him cough and cough, oh, so hard! And when he coughed his body ached, and little Mook brought him tea

in a big cup. He was a tiny fellow then, only up to his daddy's knee. And then one day the Chinese doctor came, and brought medicines, — shining black beetles, with long funny horns. He wanted to play with the medicine-beetles, but they cooked them to make medicine; and yet Daddy had coughed just as hard as ever. And after that he could not go in to see Daddy, and Mother and Auntie had bought incense — oh, so much, and put before the big idol, and begged him to make Daddy well. Mother had walked a long way with the incense, and beat her head on the stones before the idol, and yet the big idol did not make Daddy well. They took Daddy away one day, with gongs and music and fire-crackers; where he had gone no one quite knew; but no matter how long you watched for him or called his name, he never would come back! And Mother had cried, oh, so long and so hard; he had brought her tea sometimes, and patted her cheek.

But then the Five Rulers had brought the deadly plague — sickness. The Five Rulers, Mook was told, were devils who send diseases to people. They had been carried in sedan chairs through the streets, looking very awesome; and you could see them, — big, ugly

idols — only one must be very careful to bow low and never smile when they passed! Then came the Tall Brother, the pale white devil, ever so high — he stood away above men's heads, and rolled his eyes about and worked his jaws — probably he just loved to eat little boys! After him came a big drum; and after the drum came the black squatty devil, with gaping mouth and a tongue that wagged out; but he was not quite so dreadful as the Tall Brother. Had they not carried these fierce beings around the streets day after day to keep the plague demon away? And one night they gave the Five Rulers a theatre in the temple; Mook had run in to see the strange actors; and a big feast was given — so many, many good things to eat, and yet the plague demon did not go away! Mother had given money to help pay for the theatre, and the family went without rice that day in consequence. Then suddenly Mother was terribly sick, and they took her away, and she had never come back!

Just as he was thinking all this, Uncle Ding, who did cooking, came in with his basket. Uncle Ding had been kind to little Mook. Uncle Ding loved him and gave him nice rice and fish and cakes. He wished he could stay with Uncle Ding always.

Next day little Mook thought he would venture into the house where the strange Creature lived. She had smiled at him; maybe she would not harm him. He crept to the door and peeped in.

What a wonderful house! There were beautiful things hanging on the wall. It was such a white, clean wall! There were rows on rows of shining books, and another strange creature sat on the floor, wiping these with a cloth. They were talking together and laughing most merrily — clearly they would not eat little boys! Perhaps he could help wipe the books. After two or three timid advances and retreats, little Mook slipped in and held out his hands for the cloth. The lady smiled — they were both ladies, he had learned — and spoke kindly to him; and he began to feel a little bit at home in the wonderful house. Every morning after that he came around to the door and waited till he was beckoned in to help. One day he was asked to take a letter across the fields to another house. There are terrible devils who meet you, right in broad daylight, when you cross these paths. The other uncle, the old one, with the big frowning eyebrows, had told him all about it, night after night, and little Mook had wept when he heard. Should he try this peril-

ous errand? He set his teeth, gripped the letter, and started out as fast as his brown legs could carry him across the fields. In fifteen minutes he came flying back; and nothing had caught him at all!

When summer was over, the strange ladies went away, and with them kind Uncle Ding who gave him nice cakes and rice. Little Mook wanted to go too, oh, so badly! The ladies wanted him to go, because he had learned to do so many helpful things. He could dust the shelves, and clear the table, and carry the dishes away; and he could peel potatoes for uncle in the kitchen. He loved to do these things. He did not want to go back to the old uncle with the big frowning eyebrows; he did not want to listen to his tales of the devils who stand in the corners of the road, waiting, even in broad daylight, to jump out and grab little boys. These stories made him cry. But the frowning old uncle said he must go back home with him; and he was only six years old, so he went.

It wasn't at all nice at the old uncle's house. It was a very crowded house to begin with. There were scarcely board beds enough for all the family to sleep on; and under the beds were chickens and sometimes a pig. The room that

should be the parlor, where everybody ate, was cluttered full of farming tools. His auntie had grown very unhappy living with the uncle who had the cross eyebrows; there were a good many little children to be taken care of, and there did not seem to be any room or any rice or any clothes or any love left over for little Mook. Many times the cross uncle beat him, when he had done nothing wrong at all!

By and by winter came, very cold and biting for bare, brown feet. Every night Mook crept away under the corner of the ragged coverlet, on the bed where the other children were sleeping, with tingling fingers and toes, and thought of the dreadful devil-tales the cross old uncle had told them, and wished he could have more supper, and wept softly while the others were asleep. Some nights he would hear a tiger roar in the mountain jungle. Every morning he went about the yard when the sun shone, with the baby on his back. The baby was big and heavy, oh, so heavy! Many days little Mook's back ached with carrying him about. If only the strange plague-devil had not come to take Mamma away! But he loved the baby dearly — loved to comfort him when he cried, and even loved to carry him, though baby did grow so very heavy. For Mook, you know, though

This is a cabin on the mountain where the houses are small, and made of stone lest the typhoons should blow them to pieces. Do you see the Shining River in the distance?

These are the farmers, like Mook's Uncle, threshing the rice. A matting is placed around three sides of the box to keep the rice from blowing away. Behind is the village at the mountain's foot, with fine big houses, having curved roofs. Can you see the stacks where the rice straw is kept?

he was six years old, was not so very much bigger than a baby himself!

One very cold rainy morning something wonderful happened! Kind uncle, who had gone away so long before, came to see little Mook. He had such a happy smiling face, with two rows of white shining teeth, and so many pleasant things to say! Mook's little heart leaped for joy, and he ran to his uncle as fast as he could — you can't go very fast with a big, big baby on your back! The uncle had come to say that those foreign ladies wanted Mook to come down the mountain-side, and sail down the Shining River to Abiding Joy, where they lived. They promised that he might go to school, and said he was to earn his living by waiting on the table. Mook was seven now. Seven years old is a pretty early age to begin earning your own living, don't you think so? But up in the cross uncle's home he had been earning his living without really getting it, for never, since he went to the cross uncle's, had he had quite all he wanted to eat.

So it was a very thin little figure that stood that night inside the door of the foreign ladies' dining-room, clad in an ancient coat of his kind uncle's; the coat came quite to his brown feet, which was good, because he had no shoes; and

the long sleeves drooped far down over his hands. In spite of it all, Mook stood up just as tall as a very small boy can stand. Besides, he was not afraid; for had not the tall ladies been kind to him all summer?

Next morning he began to learn his work in serving the table. Uncle Ding, the friendly cook, showed him just where to lay everything. It is very queer, the ways of these foreign people! They eat with swords and spears; and though these weapons are so barbarous, they are most particular just how they are placed upon the table. Mook noted every motion of his kind uncle with keenest interest, and imitated these motions exactly; and very soon he could serve the table as well as Uncle Ding could. Every room of the house was a new marvel to him. Indeed it was a marvel to all the people round; for never in all their lives had they seen such a clean and beautiful home. They call the house "Tieng dong" which means Heaven; and they came limping on their tiny feet for miles and miles to see the house that was just like Heaven.

Mook, who had not begun his school work yet, was always glad to serve these visitors tea, and help show them about the house which was just like Heaven. In this house there was a

This is the house the neighbors said was just like Heaven, because it was so high and broad and clean. Did it ever occur to you that the house you are living in today would seem like Heaven to half the people in the world? This house is on a green hill in the city of Abiding Joy. The two lady-teachers lived in this house and opened a school for girls. It was here that Mook came to help with the work and go to school.

The left part is the school-house part. Do you see the big yard for the girls to play in? And the fine line in front is really the road that the neighbours walked on when they hobbled into town on their tiny feet to see the house. There are purple lilacs growing on the green hills in winter, and scarlet azaleas in summer. Do you see the carefully terraced gardens in front? Those are rice-fields.

This is Mook with his kind Uncle Ding, and the queer big drab cow, Guenivere, with the little calf Naomi, Mook's pet. Guenivere is a kind of cow called a caribou, or water-buffalo. She doesn't like to be milked, because Chinese boys and girls never drink milk, and so Chinese cows are not accustomed to be milked at all. Often the milkman has to allow the calf to begin the process, and then slyly slip in and finish the milking himself. If he doesn't have a real calf, he will use a stuffed calf, and bump the cow until she lets down the milk!

Guenivere has to soak in black muddy water every day to give white milk. Can you explain that? I can't! The white milk gives white butter. Would you like it? It looks funny at first, but it's really very nice!

pretty green parlor, and a red dining-room, which the Chinese ladies loved, because they said it was the bride's room; and there was a brown study and a little hall. On the floor of the parlor was a cloth that people walked on, just as if it did not matter! They would go round and round these four rooms two or three times, and each room was so wonderful to them that when they entered it a second or even a third time, they exclaimed with delight, thinking they had never seen it before! What they loved to do most of all was to bounce on the spring beds, and then go home and tell all their neighbors about the bouncing beds and invite them to come and bounce too.

One day Mook was helping in the kitchen and he heard a great shouting of men outside the gate. He ran to open it, and in came four men straining under the load of a huge, heavy chest. It was so big that even Guenivere, the huge buffalo cow in the yard who terrified everybody, galloped away in fear, with her little calf Naomi leaping at her heels. Behind these men came two other men, carrying a second chest. Mook followed the boxes in, his eyes big with wonder; then he quickly ran for the hammer to help open them.

They said the boxes were full of "Jesus'

birthday" gifts for the school girls. Mook did not at all understand what Jesus' birthday was, but truly it must be a very grand event! Trembling with excitement he took out the nails — would they never come out? And there, carefully packed in straw, lay the most wonderful toy people! There were dolls of every shape and size, — dolls with brown hair, dolls with golden hair; dolls in pink and blue and gorgeous red garments; dolls with real shoes that come off! And there was one radiant creature with lustrous golden curls that could actually "niak" its eyes! Mook had never seen anything in all his life so marvellous as this toy person which could wink its eyes! He heard the tall teacher-ladies tell Uncle Ding that some girls in America bought these toy people, and even sewed all the beautiful clothes for them, on purpose to make the school-girls happy on Jesus' birthday. Truly the American children were good to love! Most thrilling of all, in the second box there was a picture-book all for Mook himself, sent away across the ocean just for him. Mook's little heart leaped within him as he took the book. It was the gladdest thing that had ever happened to him in all his life.

The lovely dolls were hidden carefully away until Jesus' birthday should come, and Mook

This is the box-full of "Jesus birthday" gifts for the school girls, and Mook taking out the nails. His fingers are pretty trembly. It seems to him the nails will never come out!

Mook is trying very hard to cover up his excitement as the box is opened. Do you know how he feels?

This is the picture-book that came all for Mook himself. It was the gladdest thing that had ever happened to Mook in all his life.

Can you remember the very first Christmas present you ever had? Why can't you?

Why was it that Mook had never heard of Jesus' birthday before?

Did you know that half the children in the world have never heard of Christmas yet? Why is that?

was warned not to tell even a whisper about them to the thirty bright-eyed girlies in the school room. No, he would never tell! Then other mysterious things began to happen. Someone was sent to the hillsides to bring a big evergreen tree. This tree was put up, mind you, right in the house! Mook himself helped to put it up, though for the life of him he could not imagine why people should plant a tree in the house! It was planted only in a box, and anybody might know that a tree in a box with stones around it would never grow! And then they began to put things on the tree, and Mook helped. There were handkerchiefs, and towels, and lovely big picture cards, and, last and best of all, the dolls were brought from their hiding place and tied on the tree. And then the doors were tightly locked, for it was all to be a great surprise.

Early in the morning on Jesus' birthday the guests began to arrive. The tall teacher said that never in all the ages since Jesus' real birthday, nineteen hundred years ago, had there been a Christmas tree in that town. Every little girl was resplendent in the best dress she had or could borrow, with her hair neat and shining. Old men came, and crooked, hobbling grannies, on tiny stumps of feet, with black-

eyed children clinging to their skirts. The school-house was thronged; and the school-girls sang and recited and served the guests, with pretty courtesy, to oranges and cakes and tea. Then the big doors were pushed open, and for the first time in all their lives the people of Abiding Joy beheld a Christmas tree. Their admiration knew no bounds. For each school-girl there was a doll; and for every guest there was perhaps the prettiest thing he ever had possessed — an exquisite Christmas card. And for Mook, too, there was a doll! You see, he was only seven. It was the most wonderful day in all his little life, — the first Christmas day he had ever known.

When the school-girls went home for vacation, each girl carried in her hand her doll. They went to many villages; and wherever a little doll went, she took with her a message of the love of Jesus Christ in the hearts of American children. So when school opened a month later, forty girls came up the long hill, instead of thirty. Among the new girls were Moon Fairy, Moon Pearl and another little girl with snapping, flashing black eyes whom I shall have to call Cross-patch. Being a very little girl, she sat on the front seat, and Mook, being a very little boy, was seated beside her.

Here is Mook sitting on the front seat and deciding that he is very happy. It isn't Cross-patch beside him in this picture, but Golden Gem, the tiniest girlie in school.

At the back are the three "teacher-sisters." What is the map on the wall?

There was no other boy in the school except Heavenly Ability, the matron's little lad of five, who looked very grave, sat very straight, and tried to make himself seem twice as big as he was.

Mook looked around the pretty school-room, looked at the bright-eyed school-girls, and decided that he was very happy. He looked at Cross-patch and smiled and she smiled back just a little; and so his school career began.

THINGS FOR THE CHINA CLUB TO DO.

Don't you think it would be fun to have a China Club? You would want to choose a President, and a Secretary, and a Treasurer, and a Kindly Adviser. The Kindly Adviser is a grown-up person to help keep the Club from getting tangled up.

Wouldn't it be fun for the Club to start right out now for China? Do you think of China as a stupid yellow map? It is not a stupid yellow map at all, but a most delightful country. How would you go to find Foo-chow, or Happy Valley, and the Shining River, the Min?

Wouldn't it be fun for every member to keep a China Book, and put all the interesting things you can find about China in the China Book?

And would you like to make Christmas happy for some girl or boy who never had a Christmas? Do you know any missionary in China? The Club could vote to send her a Christmas box. Let the Secretary write and ask her what you can send to make some children in China happy. You can begin right away to collect pretty cards and dolls and really good toys. The little Chinese child does love a toy that is perfect! And at some Club meeting you can pack the box!

THE COMFORT DOLLY

I'm only a golden-haired, blue-eyed doll,
All ruffled in ribbons gay;
I crept down into a Christmas box
And merrily sailed away!

We sailed, and sailed, and sailed, and sailed;
The ocean is wondrous wide!
'Twas lots of fun in the Christmas box
With all of us tucked inside!

At last one day — oh, a queer, queer day,
When our long, long trip was o'er,
We all awoke midst the strangest folk
Who never saw dolls before!

The little girls seized us in eager arms,
And danced up and down in glee;
The grown-ups came over hill and dale
On purpose to look at me!

If you are a golden-haired, blue-eyed doll,
All ruffled in ribbons gay,
You'd better creep into a Christmas box
And merrily sail away!

CHAPTER II.

MOON FAIRY, MOON PEARL AND CROSS-PATCH.

LITTLE GIRLS JUST LIKE ME.

They say that there is a wonderful land
Over the shining sea,
Where little girls live in houses grand —
Little girls just like me!

And they can run and laugh and play,
Happy and strong and free,
Because their feet do not ache all day —
Little girls just like me!

Oh wouldn't it be the nicest fun
To sail o'er the shining sea,
And watch those happy girls laugh and run —
Little girls just like me!

These are girls arriving at the school. The one in front had bound feet, so she came in the sedan-chair, borne by two strong men. How would you like to ride that way? It is February; but flowers are blooming in the yard. Why?

The express train is coming behind, bringing the trunk and bundle. That is the kind of express-train used in Fukien Province, where there are no steam cars, and few horses, and roads are only a yard wide!

This school is the only one for girls among as many people as are in the state of Maine. Some ladies in America sent the lady-teachers to carry on this school.

CHAPTER II.

MOON FAIRY, MOON PEARL, AND CROSS-PATCH.

Perhaps it wasn't fair to call her Cross-patch, for it wasn't really her fault. But how else can I make you see the deep, deep wrinkle between her eyes, and the ugly droop about the corners of her mouth? How else can I show you how her black eyes snapped and flashed when any little girl came near her? Still it isn't quite fair to call her that hard name, because really and truly it wasn't her fault. All her life, since the day when the plague devil carried away her mother and her father, she had lived with a grumbling old grandmother, and the grandmother had beaten her, and scolded her whether she did wrong or whether she did right. And when you get beaten no matter what you do, one might as well do the wrong thing as the right thing. I am afraid that little Malea nearly always had done the wrong thing.

For her real name wasn't Cross-patch at all; it was Malea, which is the Chinese word for

Mary, and is a very good name indeed. She came one rainy morning in midwinter from the big city of Foochow, or Happy Valley, down the Shining River to the school in Abiding Joy. With her came Moon Fairy, Moon Pearl and the Duchess.

The Duchess was Miss Harwood's serving woman; but she was a very grand lady. She could easily have commanded a regiment. She marched into the big school gate that February morning with a most imposing air, while the wind howled about and the rain came down in heavy gusts. Behind her walked the two big, timid mountain girls, and at the end, dressed in a flopping garment made of a bed-quilt, came Malea, very cross and bedraggled.

The Duchess sat down and began to tell her story in excited tones:

"Ai-yah! But I have eaten great bitterness to bring these girls to this place. Malea, she was to be sold for four dollars, because there was no rice for her to eat. But just in the nick of time the lady-teacher in Foochow, Miss Harwood, saved her, and here she is. Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl, they are girls from the mountains, a great, great distance! They were engaged when they were little to two of our college students. These students are to be preachers.

This is the kind of bed Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl had when they went to school. How would you like to sleep on boards, with a little wooden pillow? There is a piece of matting, something like floor-matting, over the boards; and in the winter, a thin mattress of woven rice straw.

Sometimes the pillows are little wooden or leather boxes prettily painted; and the girls keep their jewelry locked up in these boxes at night.

For preachers to have ignorant wives, Ai-yah, that is not good!

"So Miss Harwood sent me to bring these girls to school. I walked three days to Moon Fairy's home to get her. I walked over the wild mountains where tigers live! One day a snake met me in the road, and stood up on his tail to look me in the face. I said to the snake, 'Do you dare to hinder me when I have come to save these girls?' And the snake, he was ashamed, and crept away."

The Duchess drank some tea to clear her throat, and then went on:

"Ai-yah, but these girls were hard to get! I talked three days and three nights, beseeching their parents to let them come. Moon Fairy, she was afraid; she hid under the bed. But after three days and three nights they were willing. So we came down the Shining River. The wind raged, and the rain beat upon our boat. But God protected us, and we are safely here!"

Then, with many groans over her woes, the Duchess went away; and the three strange girls stood in the door of the big pretty school-room and stared. Never in all their lives had they seen a house so spacious and so beautiful! The gentle teacher-sisters received them warmly.

Even dignified Mr. Pang, who taught the Chinese classics, made them a courteous bow. The matron served them steaming hot tea, just as if they were great ladies, and took them upstairs to the neat bedroom where they would sleep. By evening they had begun to feel at home a little, as they crept under the cotton covers.

Next morning when they awakened forty girl voices were chattering like magpies, and the sun was beaming gayly all over the green hills. They were shown the wash-room, where merry girls were bathing their faces in hot water, from a row of bright basins. The big girls made up their minds that it was a very jolly place! After breakfast, Malea ventured out into the yard to see what the other children were doing.

It was Saturday. Many little girls were washing their clothes in tubs on the ground, others were stretching their coats to dry on long bamboo poles; and still others were folding the dry blue cotton coats very neatly and pressing them, ready to put on freshly for Worship Day. Malea did not understand very clearly about Worship Day; it seemed to be a great occasion for which all were preparing. Some were drying their shining black locks in the sunshine out on the court. Malea was taken

This is what Malea saw that Saturday morning when she went into the yard to see what the girls were doing. They are getting ready for Worship Day. The wash day is a real holiday for these girls and they love it.

Do you see how nicely bamboo poles are used instead of clothes lines? The girls with the tubs are washing, and those with the basins are starching. Can you wash your own clothes?

Why did not Malea know what Worship Day was? Did you know that half the world never know it is Sunday when Sunday comes?

Wouldn't it be lovely if all your clothes would hang up straight by the arms!

It is Worship Day, and the school procession is making its way, two by two, down the hill to church. Can you find Mook? In front of him is little Heavenly Ability, trying hard to be tall. The fifth pair from the front, dressed just alike, are the two funny little girls who were called the Twinnies

Do you notice how neat their hair is? Unmarried girls in South China wear a bang, and when they are married, the hair is coiled neatly back. Even the poorest women always have their hair very neat. They do not like fluffiness about the hair. They think it very untidy.

Moon Fairy's hair was a little curly, and she tried so hard to straighten it all out!

If you are a girl with fluffy hair, and you should go to China, you would be asked politely, "Do you ever comb your hair?"

to the wash-room, and given a thorough introduction to tar soap and warm water, and some beautiful, fresh, clean clothes were provided for Sabbath morning. When Worship Day arrived, she sat, very neat and trim, with all the other little maids, waiting for the morning service to commence. On bright days the school procession made its way, two by two, down the long hill to church, but this was a rainy day; and so they held church at the school.

Alas for the starched clothes and the tar soap! They can make a small girl over on the outside, but not on the inside! For when the hymn was announced, and all the children began to sing, Malea opened her mouth and tried to sing too. But Malea had never heard a song in her life; much less had she learned to sing one. So what came out of her wide open mouth was, "Wow, wow, wow!" in a high-pitched piping voice; and when the other children smiled — for a saint could not help smiling — a thunder-cloud came over Malea's pinched little face, and a naughty anger came into her snapping black eyes, and she doubled up her little fist and gave her next neighbor a vigorous punch, right in the midst of the hymn!

That was the beginning of lonely days for Malea, for she was nobody's friend. Whenever

the other children tried to play with her, she quarrelled and fought. We must not be too hard on her, because she had never known anything but harshness, and so she had never tried to be anybody's friend. Every day the same report came to the tall lady teacher, that Malea had not done her sweeping, Malea had not tried to learn her lessons, Malea had quarrelled. Every night, on the lowest step of the long stair, sat a little disconsolate blue cotton bundle, marking figures on a slate. She didn't care to play with anybody; and now everybody was afraid to play with her. It was Malea.

One night the tall lady teacher came down the stairs, and seeing little Malea sitting there on the lowest step marking figures on her slate, looking so aloof and alone, she just picked her up in her arms and gave her a warm loving hug. Do you know, it was the first time in the world anything like that had ever happened to Malea! For a long time Malea sat still on the stair — quite still, with a bright, broad beaming smile shining all over her face. Now the next morning a strange new thing happened — Malea swept the floor without being told! At night they said Malea had done one of her sums right; and all day long she had not quarrelled once. Malea had begun to try.

Every time the tall lady entered the room after that, Malea beamed with a blissful smile. And more and more she smiled at other times. She did not change into a perfect child all at once, oh, no! But it made all the difference in the world because she was trying to be friendly. Very soon the other girls began to play with Malea. One whom she loved was a merry little girl called Sunburst. And as the nice white rice began to nourish Malea's thin little body, her mind became clearer, and she could get more and more of the examples right. The child she liked best of all was Mook; he was so kind and so bright. He would get all the examples right! Before the summer vacation, Malea was one of the sweetest children in school.

All this time Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl were learning new things as well as Malea. What a wonderful place the school was! Forty bright, neat, beautiful maidens, all so busy and happy! Some of the little girls were having their feet unbound, for their poor toes had been tied up tight when they were tiny children to make their shoes only three inches long. Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl were sorry for them, for their own feet had always been bare and free. The girls were so happy to get the cruel bindings off forever! But there was one funny little

girl named Fragrant Tree who was proud of her tiny feet and did not want them to be unbound. After it was done, she sat down on that lowest step where Malea used to sit, and there Fragrant Tree rocked back and forth weeping and saying aloud:

"I am not brilliant, and now I am not beautiful; who will marry me?"

Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl watched them all with intensest interest. At first they felt very conscious of their own untidy appearance in the presence of these trim school girls, for people up in their mountain village thought very little about clothes and baths.

There was more need of tar soap for those two girls than for little Malea, for they were big and tall and were fifteen years old. It was a very grateful pair of girls who sat, clean and neat for the first day in their fifteen years, on that Worship Day morning.

School was a strange place to them after fifteen years in the open. Moon Fairy would climb straight over the desks in the midst of the school session, without a thought that she was doing anything unusual. One morning Moon Fairy astonished everybody by yelling to her friend upstairs, right in the middle of the class hour, "Moon Pearl, bring down my wash-

cloth!" They sat in the class rooms and simply stared at the books and pencils and sums. These girls were not in the least bit stupid; but they had never seen the inside of a school-house before and had not the slightest idea what it was all about.

But as the days became weeks, their brown hands reached out for the pencils; they began to try the sums and found that they understood. When summer came these mountain girls were among the brightest in the class. And they had learned many things besides sums. They had learned quiet womanly ways, they had learned to keep their rooms neat and beautiful, and they had come to have a big company of loving friends. They loved Perfect Flower, so gentle and winsome, and Loving Kindness, who always knew her lessons; and Fragrant Tree, who never knew her lessons, but was always so courteous to everybody. They loved the mischievous Twinnies, who pretended to have a stomach-ache one day, and stayed in bed for fun! But when they found it wasn't fun and wished to get up, then they were made to stay all day! Like all the rest of the girls, Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl petted Golden Gem, the tiniest girlie in school. Of course they liked Mook, — everybody liked Mook! And all the

girls took turns in caring for little Heavenly Ability, aged five, who sat very straight, looked very grave, and tried to make himself appear ever so much bigger than he was.

They adored Beautiful Ruby, and thought her the loveliest child they had ever seen. She had come in later than they, and wept when she saw her father go away down the long hill. But when she was taken to the pretty green parlor and the comfort dolly was laid in her arms, then a dimpled smile broke through her tears, and like the children in story books, she lived happy ever after.

When the four o'clock bell rang, out went Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl with these new playmates to the big yard, and had jolly games together. Strangely enough, these merry girls had never learned how to play! Life in their mountain home had had lots of work in it, but very little fun.

A great event happened before the school broke up for the summer. It was a rag-bag party. Were you ever at a rag-bag party? Mook was the liveliest person at this one, though he uttered not a word.

It came about in this way. The tall lady one day chanced to put some scraps of cloth into the school waste-basket. In a moment a

They kneel down to wash because their feet are not yet wholly unbound, and it's hard to stand on aching feet. Beautiful Ruby is the girl at the left.

How would you like to wash with feet all crumpled up?

This is an out-door study hour.

Boys and girls in China love to study. Most of them have had no chance to go to school before and they are glad of a chance. Do you see Mook's smile?

They love to study so much that the teachers had to establish a six o'clock rule in Abiding Joy, that no pupil should study before six o'clock in the morning. Do you have to have a six o'clock rule?

dozen little black shiny heads were crowded about the waste-basket, and a dozen excited voices were chattering like merry birds over the scraps. An hour later the tall lady passed the school-room, and here was one wee maid sewing a bit of blue calico patch on her cloth shoe; another was decorating her Sunday coat with a fine blue cambric collar!

So the tall lady planned a beautiful game for after school. It was a fishing game. Stealthily a big basket was brought down stairs and placed behind the school-house wall, with Mook as guardian. Then the tall lady invited all the children out into the yard to fish. The tackle was a long bamboo pole, with a string attached, ending in a safety pin. The string would swing with a flourish over the high wall; Mook would attach an appropriate "fish" to the pin, give a big jerk to the line like a real fish, and then stand on his head in glee as with a merry chorus of shouts the fish was hauled in! Perhaps the catch was an old shoe, a long stocking, or a strip of faded ribbon, or an ancient picture book; but all these things were useful and precious to children brought up in want. Malea drew a plain empty box — the choicest possession she had known in all her life. She went around all the evening holding the poor little box clasped in

her arms, with a smile that seemed to fill the whole room.

Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl and little Malea were just brimming over with the happiness of knowing all these new friends. Best of all, they were learning about the Great Friend who guides and keeps us always.

Just before school closed the girls were asked: "How many of you would like to tell what you have learned about Jesus to the people in your homes?"

Instantly Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl were on their feet.

Closing day came at last, and Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl said good bye to all their merry girl friends, and went up the long mountain road to their homes. It was a very excited group of village people who watched for these girls as they came up the road that summer morning. The women rushed out to meet them. "So white, and so fat!" they cried. They saw the plump round arms; they pushed up their sleeves to see if the fair sound flesh went all the way up — and sure enough it did go all the way up! Certainly the school was a wonder that could make two rough big girls over into beautiful creatures like these! The next fall Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl came leading a company of

seven others down the mountain road, to enter this marvellous school!

That summer Mook spent on the mountain, not at his cross uncle's, but at the home of the lady teachers, helping Uncle Ding, the cook. One day his uncle went away for all day. It was a very hot day, for Happy Valley is as far south as Florida.

"I shall have to go and cook the dinner," said one of the lady teachers, and started for the kitchen.

There by the kitchen range stood Mook. He was just about as tall as the range was; and between his breast and the range was a huge sweet potato, which seemed half as big as little Mook himself! Vigorously he was struggling to pare the potato, while the perspiration dripped off his chin. He looked up with a red face and a serious air of responsibility.

"Shall we have that meat heated for dinner?" he asked. He jumped up nimbly on a stool, and brought forth from the cupboard a dish of meat. He was too small to reach the cupboard without a stool.

"I think so," she answered, and went into the house to hide her smiles. Mook was still so little, and the sweet potato was so big!

"We have a cook," she announced: and they

waited to see what would happen. And what do you think happened? At the dinner hour in came Mook, hot but triumphant, bringing the dinner, perfectly prepared, and served it perfectly. He had done it all himself; and Mook was seven years old!

All that summer Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl had told to their neighbors what they knew of the beautiful Friend who makes life over for all who are willing to trust Him. As the months rolled by, they learned more about that Friend — of the wonderful things He said, and the loving things He did. They had felt the change in their own lives; and they had seen the little girls who came to school with feet all cruelly bound and crippled, freed from those dreadful bands and enabled to run and play like themselves. They were sure it was all true about this Jesus, and they were learning to love and trust Him and timidly to pray to Him every day.

In fact, the school-girls were learning to pray quite naturally about everything. They prayed for help in getting their lessons. One evening they prayed about a show they were going to give. Why not? Do you suppose Jesus likes us to share all our work and troubles with Him, and never to share our fun?

They had been all atingle during the day with whispered plans, but when night came, before the show began they held the customary evening prayers. Me Ing, "Beautiful Radiance," led the prayers. She was really very beautiful, with her fine dark eyes and rosy cheeks. At the close of the hymn she bowed her head and said:

"Now, Jesus, we're going to have some fun this evening. We pray that we may have a good time, and that every thing we do may please Thee! Amen."

It was a wonderful show! One little city maid pretended she was a fisherman's daughter who had come in to see the school for the first time. She had a basket of crabs tied around her waist, and every minute or two she would suddenly snatch at the crabs which were running down her bare legs, and put them back into the basket. Everybody thought she had real crabs in the basket, she did it so cleverly! But she hadn't at all!

Fragrant Tree played she was a Chinese fortune-teller, and went into a trance; she did it so well that the teachers were alarmed! Another little girl played she was a Bible woman, and came to reason with the fortune-teller, because fortune-tellers are not good people in

China. Then Fragrant Tree came to, and confessed to her visitor that it was all a pretence, this fortune-telling business; and promised never to do it again! The show was a glorious success and everybody went to bed laughing and happy.

One lovely Easter afternoon Miss Ling, the sweet head teacher, gathered the girls together for a special service. Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl loved Miss Ling, she had been so very kind to them in all those first days when they were so new, and she never had allowed the children to laugh at the awkward things they did. Like all the other children, they were her devoted slaves; and once last term when she was so terribly ill, and had to be cared for in the school because there was no doctor, and because there was no hospital within twenty miles, they helped to keep the little children absolutely quiet, so that she would not be disturbed. All the children hung on her words; so they all were eager to hear what she had to tell them today.

What Miss Ling told them was made so simple that even little Sunburst and Malea could understand. Mook sat on the front seat also, intently listening. She talked about having Jesus as a close, loving Friend, who lives right within our hearts, instead of staying away off in the heavens.

These are the three teacher-sisters whom the school girls loved so dearly. The one standing behind is sweet Miss Ling, who gave the Easter talk to Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl. Wouldn't you like her for a teacher? I would.

Chinese boys and girls are very respectful of their teachers. They would think it very rude to throw chalk, or whisper in class, or do anything else to annoy a teacher.

The Chinese are very patient and able as teachers. "Beautiful Radiance," the teacher at the left, had charge of the Arithmetic, and Miss Ding taught Music and Chinese Literature.

Do you see little Heavenly Ability, looking very grave, and trying to be twice as tall as he is? He stands beside the organ. Moon Fairy is the smiling girl who looks as if she had something funny on her head. It's just somebody's dumb-bell — do you see?

Malea is the girlie with the white coat and broad smile, right in front of the teacher who is standing. Can you find Cross-patch anywhere?

Do you see Beautiful Ruby's dimples? It is Perfect Flower who is smiling down at Heavenly Ability.

What difference does it make to these children that there is a school at Abiding Joy?

"If Jesus should come to that door, and your eyes could see Him standing there, what would you do?"

"Chiang E dea" — "Invite Him in," they said.

"Now Jesus does stand here today, just as truly as if our eyes could see Him. He is standing at the door of your hearts. What would you like to do?"

"Invite Him in," they said softly. Malea's eyes were very wide and earnest. So were Moon Fairy's, and Moon Pearl's, and Mook's. Even little Heavenly Ability, sitting very grave and straight on the front seat, understood.

"If we invite Him in, will He come?"

"Yes." They were sure He would.

"How many of you would like to ask Him to come in now?"

Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl were on their feet in a moment, and so were Malea and the rest.

"Now we will kneel down, and each one shall say for herself: 'Jesus, forgive my sins, and enter my heart.'"

So they knelt down, and each little girl softly uttered for herself that prayer. They were very earnest prayers that the loving Master heard that day, and I believe He answered every one.

When they rose from their knees there was a beautiful light in the faces of Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl.

"Now, who can believe that Jesus really did come in? Will you rise and thank Him?"

Promptly but very reverently, Moon Pearl rose and bowed her head.

"I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast come into my heart," she said.

Moon Fairy followed, and, in sweet piping tones, Malea. As I looked at her dear little face that day, and for many days after, I knew that into her heart indeed the loving Lord Jesus had come.

That summer we heard something very beautiful about Malea that made our hearts glad. We learned that the cross old grandmother wondered what it was that made Malea so obedient. And we heard that she got the children of her neighborhood together, and told them the things she had learned in geography, and taught them to play the games she knew. Everybody loved Malea.

Please forget that we ever called her Crosspatch! I can scarcely remember how Crosspatch looked; for she is gone forever, and dear Malea, everybody's friend, has come to stay.

MALEA.

She had cross little eyes, all flashing black,
And cross little brows that frowned,
And a cross little mouth that was all awry,
And her voice had the crossest sound!

But Love one day came where she sat,
And smiled in her cross wee face;
And the angry lines all smoothed away,
And a smile came in their place!

A PLAN FOR THE CHINA CLUB.

I know some boys and girls in America who gave up their Christmas gifts and brought the money to send a little girl to a school like the school in Abiding Joy. Wouldn't the Club like to give some boy or girl a chance?

If you have never said for yourself the prayer Malea said, would you like to do so today?

Here are some girls and a boy who never went to school: —

and here are some who have been to school for a year or two. Can you see any difference?

CHAPTER III.

PLUM BLOSSOM'S GRANNY.

DEAR LITTLE CLOUD.

Dear little cloud in the sky so wide,
Can you see the houses, and trees and brooks,
And know all about how the big world looks
'Round on the other side?
Can you see the children who dance and shout
And play together when school is out?
In the North and the South, the East and the West,
Which little children do you love best?

Here are some of the children
"Who dance and shout
And play together when
School is out."

This is one of the Grannies. The Strange Being found hundreds like her. In all their lives they had never heard a single beautiful song, nor had one happy day; and never had they once heard the name of Jesus.

CHAPTER III.

PLUM BLOSSOM'S GRANNY.

Down over the hill from the big school building lived Plum Blossom.

She was just a little blue and white calico bundle, with a pair of very rollicking black eyes peering out of one end of it, and a pair of very brown bare feet pattering out of the other. Her mother and father had died long ago, seized, I suppose, by the plague demon. But Granny loved her, as well as she knew how; and it may be that was just the reason why the brown feet had not yet been squeezed and pinched to fit into tiny, little shoes, though she was seven years old. She lived alone with Granny in a funny old house, which was more like a shed than a house, so filled it was with great rice tubs and dusty farm tools, and pigs and chickens and dogs. You would wonder where there was any room left for Plum Blossom and Granny to live! But somehow they did; and the wee girlie loved her cross old Granny with all the love of her hungry little heart.

Plum Blossom had never been to school; in fact, she didn't suppose little girls could go to school and read books like the proud boys who made themselves so disagreeable when they went shouting by in the morning. Every day after the rice was eaten for breakfast and Granny's errands were done, she ran out into the street to avoid the frequent scoldings that used to frighten her so; for though Granny had a warm heart, her life had been full of hard, hard trials and they had left her with a very bitter tongue. There were plenty of other little girls to play with, and they got on happily, except when they quarreled; but I am sorry to say they quarreled pretty often. Plum Blossom never troubled to wash her face or comb her stiff, black hair before going out to play, nor afterward either, for that matter; but then, every other little girl was just as dirty and just as ragged as she; in fact, she had never seen a clean child in all her seven years, so she was not at all ashamed.

One day a wonderful thing happened. As Plum Blossom was playing jackstones in the street with Pearl and Lily Bud, a Strange Being came by and spoke to her. She was so frightened! But she held Pearl tight by the hand (Pearl was two years bigger than she) and to-

This is a house very much like Plum Blossom's, and a Strange Being is telling the people wonderful things out of her Book. The Book is the Bible; they have never heard of it before.

gether they followed the Strange Being into a neighbor's house, — a little shed house much like Plum Blossom's — much like every house in town, in fact. The remarkable creature seemed to be a person, like Granny and the rest, but so different! She wore a long garment that came away down to the ground, and a pretty scarlet coat, and a queer, queer thing on the top of her queer, queer hair. She must be very old indeed to have hair all faded out like that! Yet she seemed able to laugh and talk just like anybody else. Plum Blossom edged a little nearer. Then she suddenly thought of Granny. Surely, she must come to see, too! She didn't like to go away, she was so anxious to see what would happen next; but she *must* fly home and call Granny.

Plum Blossom's grandma had had so many disappointments in her life that she had got all over expecting anything nice or different to happen; but when the little girl came running in all out of breath and told her to come quick and see the Strange Being, she was just as excited as all the other people, and ran as fast as the stiff old knees and hobbled old feet would carry her. And when she got to the neighbor's crowded little house everybody got up and gave her the best seat, because the Chinese people

always pay great respect to the old, however poor or ragged they may be. This pleased Granny immensely, and Plum Blossom too, who squeezed up close, and held her grandmother's hand very tight, and never took her snapping black eyes for one instant off the Strange Being's face.

And what queer, new things they were saying to Granny — this wonderful creature in the scarlet coat, and the Chinese lady who was with her: that the idols were only wood and earth, and it was useless to worship them; and that there is only One in heaven or earth who can forgive our sins — Jesus, the Son of God. They said, too, that there is a beautiful home where God lives, to which those who love Him will go by and by, — a place where Granny might forget all her troubles, and never be lonely or ill or hungry any more. Plum Blossom's eyes danced and glistened, and she resolved in her little soul that if there was any way to help Granny find that happy place she was going to do it.

Now poor Granny had never been to school a day in all her life, nor to church, nor to a lecture; she had never been taught anything in all these years except how to cook rice, and bind her feet, and sew. That is how it came about that she at seventy knew very little more than Plum

Blossom knew at seven. But Granny did know one thing which many finely educated people do not know — she knew that she was a sinner. She knew that she got passionately angry and scolded her neighbors, and that she was not fit to enter that heavenly home where she so longed to go. She had tried offering sacrifices to the idols; she had tried hiring priests to pray for her; but it was all of no use, and every day she was haunted by the horror of an evil death. All this she told the Strange Being, with tears streaming down her wrinkled old cheeks; and little Plum Blossom's heart thumped so loud she could hear it, and she squeezed Granny's horny old hand in both her chubby ones. Then they told the poor old lady that if she would but ask Jesus to do it, with a true and honest heart, He would forgive her sins.

The little girl couldn't tell exactly what happened next; but she saw the Strange Being in the scarlet coat cover her eyes with her hand, and the Chinese lady also; and they talked with Somebody about Granny. And then the dear grandmother covered her dim old eyes with her hand in the same way, and talked to Jesus — yes, that was the name — and said, in a very trembling voice, "Lord Jesus, forgive my sins." And after that they all opened their eyes and

looked glad, and talked a great deal to Granny about this Jesus — how good He was, and how much He loved everybody, even little Plum Blossom herself; till by and by even Granny's sour old face looked happy just a little. Before they went away they told her that she must remember and pray to Jesus every day, and must never worship the silly idols any more.

"Lord Jesus, forgive my sins. Lord Jesus, forgive my sins," said Plum Blossom to herself, over and over, as they went back, her small hand in Granny's big, hard one, to their own home. She hardly knew what it meant, but she knew her grandmother must remember to repeat it; and she knew, too, that the dear grandma could hardly remember the words till she reached home, however honestly she might try. So the little girl decided to do the remembering for her.

In the dark that night, as the poor old lady crept into her hard wooden bed with Plum Blossom, the little girl whispered softly:

"Granny, have you said your prayer?"

"No, I have forgotten," said Granny.

"Jesus, forgive my sins," said Plum Blossom. Granny repeated the words after her.

Next morning early Plum Blossom asked again, "Have you said your prayer?" and when

This is a class of women and girls learning to read, in the village next to Plum Blossom's. This girlie in front learned to read the Bible in a month! Her mother thought the girl's tiny bound feet were more valuable than learning to read books, so this dear little girl was not allowed to go to school.

Granny confessed that she had again forgotten it, Plum Blossom taught her again. After three mornings and three nights Granny could say it quite by herself.

Soon after that the Strange Being came again, this time to Granny's own house. The old lady met her with a shining face.

"Mother Pau, have you peace?"

"Indeed I have peace! Jesus has forgiven my sins! I can eat two bowls of rice at a meal!" Granny's heart had been so burdened before that she could not eat.

"Did you remember your prayer?"

"No, I forgot it. I'm an old woman, and my brain is bad. But my little grand-daughter, she taught it to me three mornings and three nights, and now I can say it myself!"

After that the Strange Being came very often to Granny's house. She was not really strange any more, because Shining Lotus, one of Plum Blossom's little friends, was going to the big school on the hill, and the Strange Being was her teacher. There was a road that went off across the green rice-fields which passed Plum Blossom's house. Many a morning she saw the Strange Being riding along in her sedan chair or walking upon that road to tell these new beautiful things to other people's grannies; and

at night, when she came back through the rice-fields, she would stop in at Granny's for a little visit. Plum Blossom would come close up and put her arms tight around her, and sit very still while she talked with Granny, for she did not feel shy any more. Sometimes when it was getting dark she would see a little lad coming down the hill with a lantern to meet the Strange Being. It was Mook.

One afternoon, after the Strange Being had said good bye to Granny and Plum Blossom, and was climbing the hill to the school-house, she noticed a strange flag flopping in a tree yonder. The sun was just setting, and a golden glow shone over everything.

The flag proved to be a towel; and the signaller was Mook. He had climbed the tree to watch, and was waving for his uncle-cook to bring the picnic supper out! Mook managed to get fun even out of his tasks; and he loved more than anything to help at picnic suppers.

In fact, the Strange Being and the tall teacher found it would be hard to get on without Mook. Whenever anything was lost, the first suggestion was "Ask Mook," and he would fly upstairs, and from some unknown corner produce the missing article.

One day the lady-teachers suddenly found a centipede in the dining-room.

"Call Mook," they both exclaimed. Mook looked at the ugly black wriggling worm, and without an instant's hesitation seized it and throttled the life out of it.

On a certain very busy day guests were announced, who were to arrive in an hour for tea. These were not Chinese, but American guests. The cook was away, and there was nothing suitable for them to eat. This time the lady-teachers called the washer-man. He was a very new man and knew nothing of cooking.

"Can you make a cake?" they asked.

"I think so," he said.

There was nothing to do but let him try, and go on with their teaching.

In an hour Mook slipped into the door bearing in both hands a beautiful chocolate cake. It was in layers, with frosting between the layers, and a delicious chocolate fudge over the top and sides.

"The washer-man asks if this will do?" Mook said modestly.

When they cut the cake they found that it tasted even better than it looked.

"I'm sure the washer-man could not make a

cake like that," the tall teacher said. "I believe Mook made every bit of it."

"Let's ask him."

So they called him in.

"How much of the cake did the washer-man make?" they asked.

"He beat the eggs," said Mook. And Mook was nine years old!

Often, as the Strange Being went across the fields to tell the Jesus teaching to other grannies like Plum Blossom's, Mook went with her to carry her books and umbrella and to help her. He was always quick to see quiet ways to be helpful. One evening they were climbing a hill which looked out over the sea. A great silver moon flooded the mountains and plains and the sea with glorious light. Usually Mook walked behind her in silence; but tonight he spoke:

"Lady-teacher," said he, "does the moon shine in your country, in Great America, as it shines in our country?"

"Yes, it shines in America as it does in your country; but when the moon shines here the sun shines in America, and when the sun shines here the moon shines in America."

Mook was silent for a moment.

"Lady-teacher," he asked, "when you first

This is Mook at the time when he made the chocolate cake; and the man standing is the washer-man who beat the eggs. Do you see the washer-man's queue, tied round his head? At this time Mook wore his hair in a queue, as the Chinese were obliged to do when China was governed by a Manchu emperor. But in 1911 there was a Revolution, and China became a republic. Since then the Chinese boys have been free to cut their hair as American boys do, and they like it very much.

Wouldn't you like a ride on Guenivere?

came to China — the first few days — weren't you sleepy in the daytime?"

Another evening when the moon was not shining, the Strange Being came to Granny's house to call. There was no light in the house, and she thought Plum Blossom and Granny were in bed, but she could hear them talking inside the house, so she knocked at the door. Granny opened the door, and there they were, talking in the dark! She found that all the neighbors were doing the same thing — sitting in the dark! The reason why they were sitting in the dark was not because there are no lights in China. In Happy Valley there are electric lights; and all over China there is kerosene to be had, if people can afford it; and most people use candles. But candles cost one *cash* each, and Granny and Plum Blossom were poor. It takes ten or twenty *cash* to make an American cent. And because they did not wish to spend the money, they sat and talked in the dark. Plum Blossom hastened to light a candle, and received the Strange Being with all the gracious courtesy which even the poorest Chinese people know so well how to show, and they talked over all that had happened to Granny since they had met before. Granny's dear old face smiled all over when she saw the Strange

Being; but it wasn't unusual now to see Granny smile.

For things were very different now for Granny. Before she had heard of Jesus, she was wretched all day because she was afraid. She was afraid of the dark. She was afraid of the demons, who lurked everywhere. But now the loving Master had heard her prayer, and taken her burden of sin away, and she was not afraid any longer. The hideous idols were put away; she did not have to spend money to buy offerings of idol-paper money and incense for them, as she had done for so many years. Every morning and night she and Plum Blossom repeated the prayer, "Jesus, forgive my sins," and they said it always when they ate their rice, for it was the only little prayer they knew. And if they were very hungry, and forgot to pray until they were nearly through eating, they would put the prayer in at the end of the meal.

That night Granny told the Strange Being how she had been out telling the neighbors about the new joy that had come to her; but they said she was getting old and wrong in her mind. So she prayed for them; she had her petitions counted off on her horny old hand; she repeated her prayer over to the Strange Being to see if it was right:

"Jesus, forgive me, Pau Mu's sins."

Here she turned down her stiff old thumb.

"Jesus, forgive Teacher Wor's sins."

This was the Strange Being. With this prayer she bent down her forefinger.

"Jesus, forgive Teacher Ning's sins."

This was the tall teacher. The third finger was bent down.

"Jesus, forgive the old lady's sins."

This was a dear old woman of ninety-six, who had just begun to believe.

"Jesus, forgive all my relatives' sins. That's all!"

And what do you think? The same thing that happened to Granny had happened to Pearl's grandmother, too. One Sabbath afternoon the two ladies sat together with the sunlight pouring down on their white heads, and talked of the beautiful Home to which they were soon to go.

"We have it all planned!" Granny said to the Strange Being, "we are going to sit close beside the gate of Heaven; and when the Lady Teacher is a hundred years old, and comes to Heaven, we're going to run down the path, hand in hand, to meet you, just like this!" The two old people ran off as fast as their hobbling feet would take them, to show how it would be done.

Over the way lived the Chinese lady who had talked on that first day to Granny. She came now very often to Granny's house to talk with her about Jesus, and with her came Shining Lotus, her little girl. Shining Lotus told wonderful tales about the happy school on the hill, and merry little Mook, and the fishing party; Plum Blossom wanted to go! And one day a lady in America sent some money so that Plum Blossom could join the happy group in the school on the hill.

So Plum Blossom trudged off with Shining Lotus up the long hill to school, and Granny was left alone. But she was not truly alone ever any more, for the dear Master made Himself very real to Granny. Besides, she hadn't a harsh tongue any longer, and all the neighbors loved her.

One day Granny fell very ill. The neighbors did their best; but there was no doctor to be called; the nearest hospital was twenty miles away, and it takes a day or two to go twenty miles in that part of China. But though there was no doctor, God sent a shining angel to lead dear Granny home to Himself.

So in the Master's crown Plum Blosson has already placed one lovely white star, which stands for Granny.

Do you remember your first day at school?

This is Phim Blossom just coming into the school yard, led by Bright Lotus. She has all her outfit in the bundle. There is another dress for every day wear, for she has her Sunday frock on; there is a pair of shoes with thick wooden soles to wear in the rain; and there are two old suits of clothes to wear at night. When school girls roll up in their cotton comforts at night, they wear old faded day-time dresses, all clean and whole, instead of frilly white nighties. Besides these things she has a comb, and a towel, two handkerchiefs, and a bit of soap. These are all the things she owns.

SUMMER BROOK

Down where the summer brook
  Leaps in the dell,
There lives Bright Lotus
  And I love her well.

Scarlet azaleas
  Gleam bright on the hills,
Dragon-flies hover
  And dart o'er the rills;

Under the boughs
  Of the big banyan tree
Violets are blooming
  For Lotus and me.

Down where the summer brook
  Leaps in the dell,
There lives Bright Lotus,
  And I love her well!

SOMETHING ELSE FOR THE CHINA CLUB TO DO.

I know a Club in America who got together once every month and prepared cards to hang up in houses like Granny's house. They took a stiff mounting paper, and pasted on a picture, leaving a space for a Bible verse, and tying a piece of ribbon in the top to hang it up by. If the picture was a red rose, they put in a red ribbon; and if it was a girl with a blue dress, they put in a blue ribbon. And they sent them all to China for women like Granny to hang in their homes.

Now when these women like Granny got the pictures they were wonderfully happy and hung them up and showed them to all the neighbors; and they were very grateful to the girls and boys who prepared them so tastefully.

Can you find cards that will make some Granny happy? And can you, at some of your Club meetings, arrange them nicely to hang up, as that Club did?

CHAPTER IV.

TEN-CENT SISTER.

BAD LITTLE CLOUD.

Bad little cloud, go back to bed!
You should not be out after candle light
Roaming around in your night-robes white.
Our play is over; our prayers are said;
Bad little cloud, go back to bed!

This is Mrs. Wiggs and Ten-Cent Sister, sitting in front of their raft house. They are enjoying the morning sunshine on their front door-step, also having their picture taken for you!

The chickens are also having a sun bath in their airy house. Can you see them, in the basket?

When the Chinese children want to call the chickens they never say "Biddie, Biddie" as we do. They would say "Whoop!" and the chickens come. And if they wish to call a cat they never say "Kittie, Kittie!" They say "Mee-mee, mee-mee!"

CHAPTER IV.

TEN-CENT SISTER.

"Dear me! Five cents at one gulp!"

Mrs. Wiggs's face fell sadly as she looked at Little Brother. But Little Brother sat on the edge of the boat wearing a gleeful grin. The bun was good; the bun was his; why not take it down in one blissful gulp? You can't ask a lad of four to know just how hard five cents comes.

The bun had been earned last Sunday by going to church. Mrs. Wiggs-of-the-Sampan had promised to go, had combed her shining black hair to the perfection of neatness, had borrowed a clean garment, and was ready; but Little Brother had refused. And Little Brother was too mischievous to be left at home. He was only four — quite below the age when clothes matter in China. Yet Little Brother objected. He refused to go because he had no pants.

It was a blistering summer day, but Mrs. Wiggs, who was always ready to meet a difficulty, brought forth a long, wadded coat be-

longing to Big Brother, and I told the little lad that if he would button this coat down to his ankles he would be quite proper, and he should have a luscious bun as a reward. So he went — unwilling, perspiring, tearful, and today the dreamed-of bun had come — and gone!

Ever since I left the dear school on the hill-top and had come to the big city to live, I had loved Mrs. Wiggs-of-the-Sampan and her merry brood. Many a laugh and many a heartache had I known as she rowed me across the river in her humble craft and I learned the story of the week. On lucky days, her fares for taking passengers across would come up to ten cents, and there were six mouths to feed. Father had been taken by the cholera-devil, the summer before. When storms or floods beset them, there was no dinner. The astounding thing was that Mrs. Wiggs and the whole troop seemed to take poverty gaily. My supreme distress was for a frail little waif, a child who was not her own, who lay cold and miserable and half fed in the boat day after day. She was one of two infants girls whom Mrs. Wiggs was undertaking to look after, beside her own eight months baby. One day I found that at three o'clock in the afternoon this little waif had not been fed.

This is the sort of Sampan house the Wiggs family lived in, and rowed passengers across the Shining River. When there was good luck, Mrs. Wiggs got ten cents a day, and when there was a flood, she got nothing! How would you like to live on a Sampan?

"Chaste Pearl," I cried, using her name, for we are friends, "you do not love this child!"

"Love her? Indeed, I love her! But there are so many of them the love *won't go round!*"

The week after the bun incident, I came to the Sampan home to find Mrs Wiggs jubilant.

"We've got another baby!" she announced.

"Another baby!" I was in despair. "What in the world do you want with another baby?"

"Why, to be Little Brother's wife when he grows up. And she's so pretty! Only ten cents! Go and get your little wife and show her to the lady!"

Little Brother sat erect on the boat-rail, resplendent in a pair of new pink pants he had just achieved. If he was to move in high social circles he must have pants! And by dint of some scrimping and much labor the demand had been gloriously met. It was with great dignity that he roes and went to the stern of the boat to bring forward the little stirring bundle. There he stood, aged four, holding his wee bride-to-be, aged seven days! It would be hard to tell whether pride in the pink pants or the new bride thrilled him most.

"Isn't she pretty?" Mrs. Wiggs ran on in glee, "for only ten cents? She'll stay in my boat and grow up by me, and be my daughter-

in-law; and I shall love her, and she will love me, and by and by Little Brother will marry her and she will live with me always. Think of it! Only ten cents!"

She was a pretty wee morsel as she lay in my arms in the coarse blue clothing — undeniably pretty. But look — wasn't there something strangely familiar in that tiny oval face? I was sure she was that sweetest one among the three I had seen the Thursday before, being peddled on the street, like cabbages. We had heard cries coming out of a basket and made the man stop, and had found three thrown-away girlies lying in utter neglect, two days old. It made something pull tight and hard within me to let that basket go on. I think those baby cries will hurt my heart in heaven.

"The parents pay him ten cents to take them away," my companion had said. "Didn't you see him a week ago with two under his arm?"

"What will happen to them?" I managed to ask.

"Oh, he will sell them, if he can, as slaves; or they will cry themselves to death. Most of them do."

So this wee one had found her way into Mrs. Wiggs's hospitable heart! In spite of her other three babies and the love that wouldn't go

round, I looked at the little darling and was glad.

Summer passed, and I came to see how the Sampan family was thriving, and to get Little Brother into kindergarten. I found them all shockingly thin; Ten-Cent Sister, as they called her, was little more than a wistful, wee shadow; but they were all as irrepressibly hilarious as ever.

"What is the matter with you all?" I asked.

"The typhoon," said Mrs. Wiggs.

"The typhoon?" That seemed a queer answer! But it wasn't.

"The flood was on three weeks, so we just starved," she answered merrily.

Little Brother's entrance into the kindergarten was planned for next Monday. Bright and early Monday morning I came with a troop of small neighbors to fetch the new pupil. His face had been scrubbed until it was well nigh unrecognizable, and his cotton coat was clean. The glory had long since departed from the pink pants, and most of the pants with it; but instead of trousers, an ancient straw hat gave dignity to the hour. As we were starting, a chorus from the neighbor's children threw a temporary chill over the Sampan:

"Where's your handkerchief? You can't go to school without a handkerchief!"

This was a bolt from the blue. Never in its most extravagant days had the Wiggs family been guilty of a handkerchief! But there was the family towel. It was a yard long and grimy. Wiggs history was written large upon it. But Mother Wiggs soused it in the river, wrung it out, and brought it to Little Brother; and thus fitted for society the young hopeful started up the ladder of learning. Behind him came Mother Wiggs, carrying Ten-Cent Sister, and all were introduced together to the fascinating delights of the kindergarten. I could scarcely say which was the more entranced, the young student, his mother, or the bright-eyed wee maid in her arms.

Shortly after this I started a mothers' meeting in our home. The first to arrive was Mrs. Wiggs with Ten-Cent Sister.

The subject was "cleanliness in the home," and my own house had been specially polished to serve as an example. Mrs. Wiggs and the baby girl went all over the house with cries of delight. Two days later I found the sampan scrubbed until it glistened, and a bit of an old yellow time-table showing a map of the United States, fastened to the wall for decoration. I

Here are some of the little folks in the kindergarten.

Do you see the stool made into a chair for baby when you tip it on the side? Baby can't get out or fall over.

The Chinese are most ingenious. These stools are made of bamboo. See how many uses of bamboo you can find in this book.

These little folks are in the kindergarten learning the same pretty games and songs that we teach children in America.

In the kindergarten where Ten-Cent Sister went with Mrs. Wiggs are many other wee ten-cent sisters. Aren't you glad they are there?

Sometime, when all the Chinese people know how to worship God instead of their great-grandfathers, there will be no ten-cent sisters left.

had sent some cakes wrapped in this torn bit of map to the other children. And here it was — Maine to Kansas — upside down, yellow, and very greasy, but beautiful, adorning the wall.

"We are going to have it just like the Lady's house," she said with modest pride. The mothers' meeting had struck in!

Later on I missed the yellow map.

"We've put it away to keep till Christmas," they explained.

Christmas brought honors to the young student; he had made a fine record, and won a gorgeous big picture for the sampan. It also brought a shining round Mexican dollar, worth fifty cents in our money, to Mrs. Wiggs. Joy in the sampan knew no bounds.

"How did you spend it?" I asked her afterward.

"I didn't dare use it all," she confided, "for when the March floods come there will be no money. I spent twenty cents for Christmas and have put thirty away till flood-time."

Wise Mrs. Wiggs!

One day I was crossing the river with Nurse Blake. We had been to see an old blind lady, to persuade her to come to the hospital and have the little white thick places removed from her eyes, so that she could see. As we landed

on the bank, frightful screams were coming from the sampan. Big sister had got a fish-hook right through her thumb, and as she jerked it about, it ached more terribly; and it ached so terribly she could not keep it still.

Nurse Blake knew just what to do; she grasped the aching hand firmly in one of her hands, and in a moment the fish-hook was out. Oh, but the Wiggs family were grateful!

"That child looks ill," said Nurse Blake, looking at the frail little waif, who had never grown strong enough to stand, and lay, white and limp, in the boat. "She needs nourishment. She needs care. Bring her with me to the hospital."

So off they went to the beautiful clean hospital, Mrs. Wiggs carrying the little waif in her arms, and Ten-Cent Sister trotting by her side. It was a big, clean, open, sunny place, oh, so different from the cramped little houses on Salt Depot Street! Mrs. Wiggs sat and looked about at the kind nurses in their neat uniforms, and the fresh white beds, and thought it might be worth the trouble of being sick, if she could stay in a place like this! Everybody looked so spotless and so comfortable, even the people who were bandaged, and everybody looked happy. There was a lovely Chinese lady who

met each one who came in, and found out all about her, and told her about Jesus. After she had been given the medicine for the little waif, Mrs. Wiggs was loth to go away!

There was one day when I found the sampan family, and even Mrs. Wiggs herself, looking blue. I had come to invite her to a gospel meeting.

"Have you eaten dinner yet?" I asked.

Mrs. Wiggs evaded the question.

"Tell me truly. Have you eaten dinner?"

Mrs. Wiggs lowered her voice.

"When there is no business, there is no dinner," she said.

Then she asked me to come and sit in her boat, while I waited for the gospel meeting to begin. After we had been talking for some time, while the little children sat quietly in the bow of the boat, I noticed a passenger pushing off in another boat. I wakened to the fact that he would have taken her boat if she had not sent him away. But she had done it so cleverly that I had never known it. And the children had remained perfectly quiet and had let him go!

"Chaste Pearl, how could you!" I cried. "These children have been waiting all day for some dinner! How could you let that passenger go, just because I am on your boat?"

"Oh, Lady, that is a very little thing!" she said. "I go to the Lady's house, and you give me beautiful cakes and tea; but you come to my boat, and I give you nothing, because the money is eaten up clean and there is nothing to give. It is a very little thing if I sit quietly on my boat and talk with you!"

After that we went to the gospel meeting. I was sick at heart, because, without knowing it, I had cheated those poor hungry children out of a dinner! After the meeting I noticed Mrs. Wiggs stagger as she came down the stairs.

"Chaste Pearl, you look ill!" I said.

"There has been no food for two or three days," she whispered.

And yet those children had been so polite that they never said a word!

You may be sure there was a good dinner in the sampan that night! and for many a day to come.

And where, all this time, was Mook?

Away up the Shining River was a city called Lingering Peace. Mrs. Wiggs had never ventured so far up the river, oh no! Her little sampan would have been wrecked on the rapids if she had ever tried it, for there are a hundred furious rapids between Happy Valley and Lingering Peace. In this distant city there is a

This is the big boat which took Mook up the Shining River to the City of Lingering Peace. The man on the back is the captain. He has to be a very skillful man, for there are many dangerous rapids in the river.

Here is the temple, with dragon-tail points on the roof, which Mook passed; and here is the big bamboo raft, with a hut to live in. Wouldn't you like to sail down the river on a raft like that?

Mook loved to look up at the high river banks. He never had known the world was half so beautiful!

school for boys; and when Mook was ten years old, and too big to be in school with little girls, he was taken in a huge boat up over the swirling rapids to the school in the city of Lingering Peace.

All the long journey up the river was full of new wonders for Mook. He sat very still in the boat, and watched all that happened with eager eyes. The river was terribly swift. The boatmen had to labor against the wild waters with might and main. Twenty-four men pulled the craft with a long rope made of bamboo, for bamboo will almost never break, however hard you may pull it. The captain would stand on the high bridge at the back of the boat, and guide it with his long oar, and shout orders to the sailors as they clung to the bank. Sometimes, when the current was terrific and the boat could not make headway, the captain would yell: "Buy your coffins!" Then the men would make a mighty effort all together, and the boat would bound up over the rocks.

Every moment thrilled with excitement for little Mook. He loved to watch the skillful seamanship of the captain and the crew. When a difficult rapid was passed safely, and the crew rowed on in quiet for a time, there were interesting new things to see at each turn of the

winding river. There were great mountains rising green and dark away up to the skies; there were wonderful birds darting overhead; once there was a silver waterfall, leaping ever so far down the hill. Mook had never known the world was half so beautiful! Once, upon the bank, he saw a magnificent temple, with curiously curved dragon-tail roofs.

Often there passed him a long raft of logs, with a little hut on it to live in. What fun it would be to board that raft and sail down river, and sleep in the little hut! One day he saw a man out on a queer raft-boat made of long bamboo poles. The man was fishing, — only he wasn't doing the work himself, he had four big birds to do it for him. Mook thought this the funniest kind of fishing he had ever seen in his life. The Wiggses saw this cormorant fishing every day, but it was all new to Mook.

The thing he loved best of all was to lie in the stillness of the moonlight night, when everyone else was asleep, and look up at the soft white clouds, and listen to the song of the distant sailors and the soft music of the water beneath the big boat, and dream, and wonder. Where was he going? And what would life be like up there in the school for boys? Would they be kind to a strange boy? Softly he

Here are the big boats tied up for the night, like the boat Mook loved to lie in, and listen and dream and wonder. Wouldn't you love to go up the Shining River in a boat like this? They are kept spotlessly clean by the sailors. You would go up to Lingering Peace in a week, and come down over the rapids in one day.

You would come with your heart in your mouth all the way, but it would be the most thrilling experience you ever had!

This is Mrs. Wiggs having her picture taken on piggie's raft. Do you see the eye on the big boat behind? The people think that eye helps the boat go safely.

Do you see the neighbors watching while the picture is being taken?

prayed in the moonlight that the Heavenly Father would care for him, and make him a good man.

And what about Ten-Cent Sister?

Today she is a bonnie maid of six. The Wiggs family have come to possess a small bamboo hut on a raft, with even a tiny piggery on its own wee raft, containing a pig. Last spring I rejoiced the family by photographing the entire estate, while Mrs. Wiggs held piggie in full view by the ear.

The outlook is brightening for the Sampan family. This winter a little girl in New Jersey sent a dollar she had earned by learning the Ten Commandments to buy Ten-Cent Sister a coat; and now she has a beautiful warm coat to wear when it is bitterly cold in the raft-hut. For winter is a bleak time for the Sampan people. One of Mrs. Wiggs's neighbors told me that twelve of her children had died of exposure on the cold river, leaving but one wee maid of eleven. To this little girl I once gave a doll, and found her months afterward with only the body of the doll and one leg left, but loving it rapturously still!

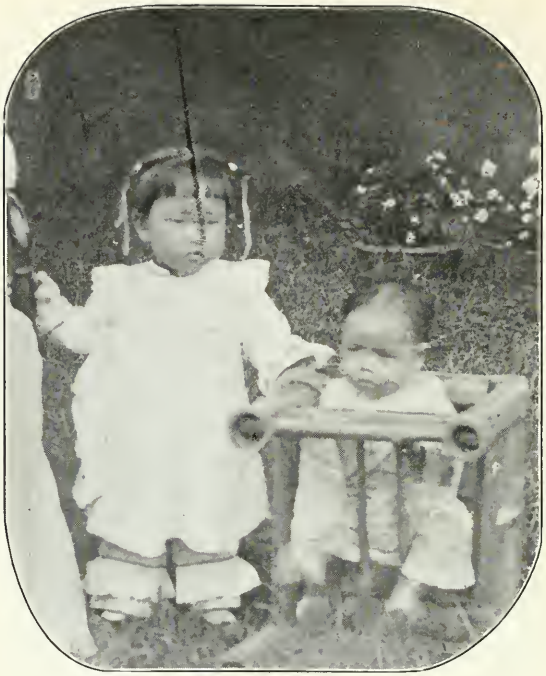
Mrs. Wiggs will never forget the kindness which sent Ten-Cent Sister that coat. And Little Brother now has a future; for eight little

girls in a certain Sunday School class in America have earned each a dollar by washing windows and doing other real work; and they are sending Little Brother to school. By and by he will provide a home that is better than a raft for Ten-Cent Sister and Mrs. Wiggs; and they won't have to go without food when the March floods come; and it will be all because some little girls in America had hearts that would stretch out wide enough to take in children on the other side of the world!

THE JOLLY WIGGSES.

Down on the Shining River,
The jolly Wiggses dwell;
Just how they live so merrily
I really cannot tell.
They have no coats in winter time,
Nor shoes upon their feet,
And scarcely one day in the year
Is there enough to eat!
And yet they laugh and skip and sing
And play that all is well.
Just how they live so merrily
I really cannot tell!

Here are Mrs. Wiggs and Ten-Cent Sister standing by the Shining River. They have not forgotten their shoes. The boat people never wear them. Do you see that Mrs. Wiggs's dress is quite different from that of the people that live on the land? She has on a thick wadded inner coat to keep warm, and wadded trousers. Mrs. Wiggs loves Ten-Cent Sister dearly. The Chinese are devoted to children. Then why are there ten-cent sisters in China? Is it because mothers do not love their baby girls? No, it is because the Chinese worship their dead grandfathers instead of worshipping God. They think it is necessary to give rice and money and clothes to their dead ancestors.



T'WASN' TMY FAULT

'Twasn't my fault I was only a girl,
And Daddy was poor as poor could be,
And there wasn't food in the whole round world
For a useless wee mite like me!

'Twasn't their fault that they did not know,
When they sent me away with hearts so sad,
That to sell their own little baby girl
Was wicked, and wrong, and bad!

But somebody knew, and somebody cared,
And gave me comfort, and clothes, and rice,
And made me happy the whole day long —
Oh, don't you think that was nice?

FOR THE CHINA CLUB.

Don't you think it would be nice for the Club to begin a China Cabinet for the Sunday School or the Church? Many people are not interested in the children of China because they know so little about them. The Club can help interest other people by putting things that come from China right where they can see them. If you ask your missionary to send some things, and if you send some money to pay the expense, she can get you some things right from China for the Cabinet. And you can begin right away to mount pictures of things in China for the Cabinet. I'm sure many of the Club members can draw well. Some one might draw a sampan, or make one of wood, like the Wiggses', for the Cabinet; and somebody else could make a nice map, showing Happy Valley and the Shining River and Abiding Peace.

These are children in China, but they are not Ten-Cent Sisters. Just how much do you suppose their price would be? What would your parents take for you? What makes the difference?

CHAPTER V.

DAI KAI.

THE SHINING RIVER.

What does the Shining River
Sing as it whirls along?
I sit all day and listen —
Listen to that strange song;
And when my heart is happy
The river's song is glad;
But when my heart is heavy
The song is very sad!

CHAPTER V.

DAI KAI.

"Save life! Save life!"

It was the old man who sat bumping his head on the hard stones of the Bridge. Dai Kai had heard the hoarse whine many times, had heard it all afternoon, as he felt his way up and down, timidly holding out the little basket to passers-by. In the basket was a tin can, and in the tin can were copper cash — only eighty-six. Let us see — were there not eighty-seven? Dai Kai counted them over with his numb little fingers — ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, eighty-six, — only eighty-six. Alas, he was not mistaken! Dai Kai could not see the cash, for he was blind.

Only eighty-six! And it must be getting dark, because men were tramping back and forth, so many of them, on the Long Bridge. Soon there would be fewer; and no more cash would come dropping into his little tin cup! Eighty-six now — one hundred and fourteen more to get before he could venture home! The

stones of the bridge were very cold; if he should have to sleep out of doors again, he would try to find some corner where the rain did not come. He could not go home; that was out of the question, for the Beggar Chief would beat him if there were not two hundred cash! The Beggar Chief would beat and curse! Even the cold stones and the rain were better than the beatings of the Beggar Chief.

It had been a long time since morning — since he had eaten the bit of sweet potato that was his breakfast. Blind Mammy had cooked it over the little mud stove; she was deft at cooking, though she was blind. She was kind to him, and so was blind Daddy, who begged all day on another street. They would give him a corner of the straw bed and a bit of ragged covering, and a little supper, if he could only go home. One hundred and fourteen more to get! If he could only shout "Save life," with that loud whine like the man who bumped his head, perhaps some one would notice a little blind boy. But the voices of those who tramped by were loud, and some laughed. What was there to laugh at on a cold hungry night? And no more copper cash dropped into the little tin can in his basket. Would blind Mammy save him a bit of supper?

This is the end of the Bridge where Dai Kai sat and begged. Do you see the great stone piers? Can you see the great stone beams, thirty feet long and very thick, uniting these piers? How do you suppose they were put in place? Many people have discussed this question, but they do not really know how it was done, the bridge was built so very long ago. The tide rises here every day. Some think these stones were lifted on rafts by the tide.

It is called the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages and must be very ancient. The river rushes down with such terrific force that it sometimes breaks even these great piers.

The little shed on the bridge was built as a shelter for sick beggars and strangers, that summer when the plague took away Mook's mother, with so many other people.

Of course, Blind Mammy was not his very own Mammy. If she were, it would all be different. His own Mammy and Daddy had been very kind, and had given him white rice, and sometimes luscious pork! Those were happy days, when he was a little, little boy — when he could see. And then the dreadful plague devil had come, and had snatched away his real Mammy and Daddy; and he was sick after that — he could not just remember how it was. But when he waked from the strange sickness his eyes could not see any more, they only ached. Then the rough Beggar Chief had sent him to Blind Mammy and Blind Daddy. Oh, but those had been happy days long ago, when his true Mammy had taken him on her lap, and had given him nice white rice, two bowls — full, heaping bowls, and even pork; and once, on a feast day, a little piece of chicken!

The tramping feet became fewer; the laughing young men had gone; even the old man with the hoarse voice who bumped his head and whined "Save life!" had given up the whine and shuffled off to his hovel. Would he have any supper? Though it was surely a mistake to sleep, still it made one forget the ache in one's feet, and the empty, empty hungry place that seemed to ache too —

"Clink!" What was it! Dai Kai sat up quickly and opened wide his sightless eyes. Yes, it was — a silver dime! The numb little fingers felt it over and over — it was a dime, one hundred cash all at once! Oh, that was wonderful! Surely he was a kind man who had given so much! Maybe he was rich; maybe he had a little boy at home! Dai Kai struggled to his feet. One hundred; and he had eighty-six already; with one hundred, there were one hundred and eighty-six. Only fourteen more! He would start on the long journey into the city. Perhaps he would meet some one else who would give a little on the way, though it was very late —

Suddenly he heard a most unusual sound.

"See! It is the same child!"

They were strange words to Dai Kai's ears, and he could not understand them. It was a woman's voice. He clung to the tin cup in terror. Would they take it away, with his precious earnings?

"It is the same child who sat there at six o'clock as we passed, and now it is ten. Poor little thing! Where is he going?"

Dai Kai trembled from head to foot at the queer English speech, and gripped the tin cup in despair.

"Don't take it," he gasped, "don't take the money! He will beat me!"

"No one shall take your money," a kind voice said in his own Chinese words, words that he knew. It was a man who spoke. Dai Kai's teeth still chattered with fear, but he was comforted.

"What is your name?" the lady said in the Chinese tongue.

"Dai Kai."

"Dai Kai, would you like to go to school?"

Dai Kai felt himself shaking again. "I have to support my parents," he managed to say.

"And where are your parents?"

"They live in the city. They are blind."

Many men had gathered about; but nobody tried to take the money. If he could only get away! The lady was talking about a strange thing — a school for the blind!

"Blind men can read?" a big man asked. He knew it was a big man from the big heavy voice.

"Yes, blind men can read. There are books with letters lifted from the page. Blind men put their hands upon the letters, and they can read words. And they learn to make many things — matting, and string, and rugs; and

they can earn money. And they learn to play beautiful music, and sing."

"Blind men can learn to read? That is a miracle." The men all gasped in wonder.

"I shall be beaten!" cried little Dai Kai. The terrible Beggar Chief loomed up angrily before his mind's eye. "If I do not have two hundred cash I shall be beaten!"

The kind man had been talking to the rest about this wonderful school. "The police would take him there," someone said.

And soon a strong, big friendly man stood beside him, and told him to come with him.

"Don't take the money!" he pleaded.

"No one shall touch your money," the big man answered. "Come and have some supper!"

Dai Kai's fears fell away in the dream of supper. He heard the strange man with the lady promise to send a letter — a letter to the blind school; but what was a letter when there was a blissful, present possibility of supper! Sure enough, here it was, steaming hot rice like what the rich boys eat, with juicy strips of pork and even sauce — tasty chili sauce to dip it in! Dai Kai ate as if he had never eaten; ate until he was full to the tips of his chilly toes; ate until he almost ached, and then ate some more.

Then he rolled up in a big warm coverlet, oh! so comfortable and so warm! If only Blind Mammy could have one like this! — and slept and slept and slept.

"The new student has come! The new student has come!"

This was the cheery voice that greeted Dai Kai the next afternoon, as, after a long, long walk with the friendly man who had given him that royal supper, he came into a sunny yard from the damp chilly street. After the cosy sleep under the warm coverlet, there had been breakfast, — such a breakfast as one would never forget — steaming hot rice and salt fish; more than that, the man had stopped at the street cafe on the way into the city, and he had sat up on a stool just like rich boys, and had had a luscious dinner of vermicelli and clams. Truly this was a wonderful day, a day unlike any other since the Plague Devil took his true Mammy and Daddy away.

"The new student has come! Here, take away the beggar bowl and the long stick! He won't need these any more."

Suddenly it dawned upon Dai Kai that he was the student! And a happy little boy came and took him away to be washed and dressed;

and a gentle motherly woman brought him clothes — yes, whole clothes! Two bigger boys helped him through the strange new experience of a bath. There was warm water, and real soap, nice smelling soap — oh, he was very clean! Not since he was a wee boy and his real Mammy had bathed him on her lap had he been so clean! And there were fresh smelling clothes, real clothes that fitted a little boy, and there were shoes! Soon many boys crowded around and talked in happy voices, and showed him where to go to find the kitchen, and the dining place, and the bed, and the school-room. For it was actually true; blind boys could learn to read. Then there was supper, another dream of bliss! Dai Kai ate very fast, lest he should wake up all at once and find the food had vanished! He could not quite believe there would ever be another wonderful day like this day, now that he need not sit on the cold bridge any more with the tin cup in his basket, waiting; nor that he never, never again would be beaten by the Beggar Chief!

After supper the most marvellous thing happened of all this marvellous day. The little boy who had led him in at the first and had called him the "new student" brought him to a

big room where many sat together, and then they began to play the most beautiful music! There were many kinds of sweet instruments — not like the hoarse banjo his Blind Daddy strummed when he was begging in the streets. And they sang the most rapturous song. Dai Kai's little heart swelled as he heard it — it was as good as the supper, to hear this song! It was all about Somebody named Jesus; he had never heard the name. And after the song a lady with the gentlest voice in the world talked with Somebody she called her Heavenly Father, and asked Him to take care of them all — yes, to take care of little Dai Kai and make him happy. And then the boys led him to the room where many boys slept on clean, clean matting, under clean, clean covers. And he went to sleep and dreamed of eating a bowl of rice as high as a mountain, while a hundred boys sang the sweet song about Jesus.

"My little fellow, that eye is of no use to you, and is only giving you pain and making you ill. I will put you to sleep, and take it away, and then it will never make your head ache anymore."

The doctor's voice was so caressingly kind that the little lad would have yielded to any suggestion he could make. So Dai Kai went

over to the hospital with him, and let him put him to sleep. In the days that followed he learned many wonderful things. He learned that the gentle doctor cured many people of all sorts of sicknesses every day. They did not need to pay great sums to the priest, nor hire a man to run through coals in the streets as he had known a man to do, nor to cut himself with knives, in order to induce the devil to leave the sick person. Perhaps it was all a mistake about the devils; because the doctor looked at these sick people and gave them medicine every day and talked in a gentle voice to them, and bound up their sores and they got well, without saying any prayers to the devil or giving him any pieces of fat meat. This doctor often talked to the Heavenly Father as if He were very close by, and asked Him to take care of the poor sick people and help to make them well. Dai Kai thought he himself would try to talk to this loving Heavenly Father sometime, when he was quite alone. So, after the motherly woman who brought him food went away, he tried. He used some of the words the doctor had used:

"Heavenly Father, take care of me, a blind boy. Amen."

Then Dai Kai seemed to feel strong loving Arms around him; he cuddled down into the

These are the boys and their teachers in the blind school where Dai Kai lived so happily. Do you see all the kinds of things they are learning to do? They make fine straw mattings for beds; they make verandah screens, and baskets, and sandals, and string, and coarse bamboo mattings; and they learn to play many instruments. Some of them have fine voices too.

These boys would most of them be beggars on the Bridge, or some street corner, if they had not had this chance to go to school, opened to them by the gifts of Christian people.

big, clean comfort and slept the happiest sleep he had ever known.

All this was the beginning of a golden life for Dai Kai. In the first place, there was enough to eat every single day! For weeks when that lady with the gentlest voice in the world met him and said, "Have you peace, Dai Kai?", he would answer with a radiant smile, "I have eaten very full! I have eaten very full!"

By and by the long hunger of years was satisfied, and delightful tasks with his school friends filled his thoughts. There was string to wind; he learned to do it very well; there were exercises to perform; other boys taught you the motions so kindly, and nobody laughed if one blundered, for nobody else could see! And these blind boys seemed too kind to laugh anyway, even if they could see. Then there was the music — the nicest thing of all! The day was filled with happy duties from morning to night; and of all that merry throng the happiest lad was Dai Kai, once a little beggar lad on the Long Bridge.

DAI KAI.

If you were a wee blind beggar lad,
And sat alone in the street,
And the chilling rain came drizzling down
And spattered your aching feet;

And somebody came along your way,
Who cared for a wee blind lad,
And led you to shelter and food and hope,
Oh, wouldn't your heart be glad?

A PLAY FOR THE CHINA CLUB.

Wouldn't it be fun to plan a China Play? Whom do you know who would make a good Moon Fairy? Who could be Mook? Who could be Little Brother? Who could be Ten-Cent Sister? What little fellow can you get to be Dai Kai?

You could make a little play with four parts: one part about Mook; one about Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl; one about Mrs. Wiggs; and one about Dai Kai. You could practice it at the club meeting; and then you might sometime invite your chums and parents to see it. Perhaps you could do it well enough then for a bigger company to see, — maybe the Sunday School. I know one Club that has given plays and has helped children in a hospital by the money people gave at the play.

In the hospitals in China there are children's beds. For twenty-five dollars you can support a child's bed for a year, and can give some little boy like Dai Kai health and happiness.

You could give your little play and ask people to contribute, and I think they would be generous.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE GOLDEN WISHES.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

Oh, do you know the golden dreams
I dream when I'm alone
Of sailing o'er the gleaming sea
To a land I have not known?

To a land across the gleaming sea
Where noble cities rise,
And young men look out into life
With morning in their eyes?

Young men of hope and faith and prayer
Who long to do great things —
Oh, when I think of that goodly land
The heart within me sings!

Oh, do you know the golden dreams
I dream when I'm alone
Of sailing o'er the gleaming sea
To a land I have not known?

CHAPTER VI.

THREE GOLDEN WISHES.

THE first golden wish was Fair Jewel's.

"Won't you come in and see Mama?" she asked me one day.

She was a most charming wee maid, as she stood in the doorway smiling up at me; the invitation was quite irresistible. Besides, I had come down the street for this very purpose, hoping some one would ask me in.

Mama sat within her dark room, looking very sad. It was a room that would make anybody look sad; there were black walls, with cobwebs high up, where you could not reach them; the plaster was broken, and so was the furniture; a few dingy idols were the only ornaments. Precious Jewel was the one bit of brightness in the room, until Big Brother came home from his work. Big Brother was not so very big, to tell the truth; he was only nine, and his name was Faithful-and-True.

Mama was not disposed to talk much to a stranger, so I taught the little children songs,

"Jesus loves me" being the unfailing favorite. As they sang, Mama smiled and looked happier; so we began to converse. I found that Daddy had died last year of the cholera — the cruel yearly visitor to Chong-Seng Street; and Mama was trying to earn rice for the family by sewing. But many days there was no sewing; and even if she sewed very hard, she could earn not more than ten cents. So the little man of the family, Faithful-and-True, had to do Daddy's part, and go out to split bamboo sticks for basket making. If he went very early and worked very hard he could earn five cents a day. On the best days there was fifteen cents to buy rice for Mama, and for Precious Jewel, and for brave little Faithful-and-True.

The next Sunday I thought to myself, "If I should go down there and ask Precious Jewel's mother to come to church today, would she perhaps come?" I decided to try it. Salt Depot Street — for that is what "Chong Seng" means — was a very busy place that Sunday morning. The shops were open, quite as usual. No one seemed to know it was Sunday. My heart sank as I walked past the busy stores and houses. Nobody had ever heard of the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!" I did not think a single person

would go with me to church. Precious Jewel, however, stood at her door with that same winsome smile, and with perfect graciousness invited me in.

"Yes, I will go," said Mama, "if you will wait till I comb my hair."

Now combing the hair takes lots of time in China, but I promised to wait.

"If the baby were not so mischievous I would go too," said a neighbor, holding her lively little two-year-old in her arms.

"Never mind, they're used to mischievous babies," I answered; and so she brought out a clean pair of flowered trousers and a little blue coat and began to get the wee girlie ready. Meanwhile another neighbor decided to join the company, and still another; and two men in clean blue cotton coats dropped in rather apologetically, and said they would go along. Before Mama's hair was combed, eighteen had joined the procession to go up the long steps, many of them for the first time, to church.

It occurred to me that since all these folk were new to our ways of worship, and since the service was now half over, I had better send a group on in advance under the guidance of Precious Jewel, to make the confusion less when I

should come. So I planned, and they went on ahead.

The two-year-old baby proved to be indeed a very great mischief; for she smeared her face with candies and distributed sticky bits all over the fresh clean coat, till mother held her out to me in despair.

"They're the only clothes I have," she said.

"Bring her as she is; it doesn't matter," I answered; and off we started. On the way, as we were passing an open shop, a woman threw out her wash water by chance right on the fresh clean dress of the baby's mother; and baby created a great excitement by seizing some cakes from a vender's basket as we were going by. But at length we reached the foot of the long flight of fifty steps that led up to church.

Alas for my well-laid plan! The first dozen had not gone into the church at all. They were all outside the door, and they were all shouting:

"Here they come! Here we are! We're all here! We're waiting!"

My heart went down. What should I do? On the way up the long steps I began to lecture the children who were trudging along clinging to their mother's hands.

"Now when we go to church," I said, "we

do not talk, we do not walk around, we do not play. We simply sit still and listen."

Whereupon the old folks in the party began to repeat these instructions to the children:—

"When we go to church we do not talk, we do not walk around, we do not play, we just sit still and listen." And by the time we had reached the first company who were waiting for us outside, our whole group took it up:

"When we go to church we do not talk, we do not walk around, we do not play; we just sit still and listen."

And I must say it was a model company who filed into the church, and sat in perfect order through the service. They looked at me in astonishment when some one else's child did run around!

I do not suppose they learned very much from the preaching that first Sabbath, as most of them had never heard the names "God" and "Jesus" before; but they were greatly interested in seeing so many manly students and winsome school girls, and felt sure it must be something very important when these people sat so long to listen. Precious Jewel saw a whole row of little girls just her own age all looking so neat and happy that it made a great hungry lump come in her throat. She wanted

to sit with those little girls, and look happy and neat and clean as they did. That was the first golden wish.

After the service, Precious Jewel's Mama came to my house, along with the naughty two-year-old and her mother. They looked about the house and thought it very grand and wonderful. Precious Jewel's Mama was intensely interested in everything.

"I have not been out of my house before for eighteen years," she said.

After that, Mama came every Sunday to church, and took off the painful tiny shoes; and she went on Thursday afternoons to the little prayer-meeting at the wood merchant's house on Salt Depot Street. And when the terrible battle day of the Revolution came, and the whole city was in fear, Mama brought her two white china idols and said she would not worship them any more because they did not help her in trouble; and that day she gave her heart to Jesus.

Faithful-and-True had been many times at our house. Whenever I asked him to do any little task he did it so willingly and so well that I told him he might wash the floor each morning and earn his way in school. Every morning after that he came early to the house; and,

though he was only nine years old, he washed the dining-room floor very clean, and then flew off to his lessons.

That summer we came to America, and a little American girl said to me:

"If I should give you a doll I have, would you take it to China to some child who never had one?"

I thought of Precious Jewel. How she would love a doll! When this American child brought me the doll, it was so beautiful, with its big dark eyes and real yellow curls, that I almost wished I were a little girl again and could have the doll myself.

When I got the doll to China, before I saw Precious Jewel, Miss Blake, the nurse, came to our house and saw the lovely doll.

"Oh, how I want it for the hospital children to play with," she said. "I would be so glad to buy it; and the money might send Precious Jewel to school."

Soon after that Precious Jewel was up-stairs helping Mama with the sewing, for Mama sewed so neatly that I had asked her to come to our house and do mending for me.

"Little Sister," I said, "a little girl in America has loved you so much that she has sent you a beautiful doll."

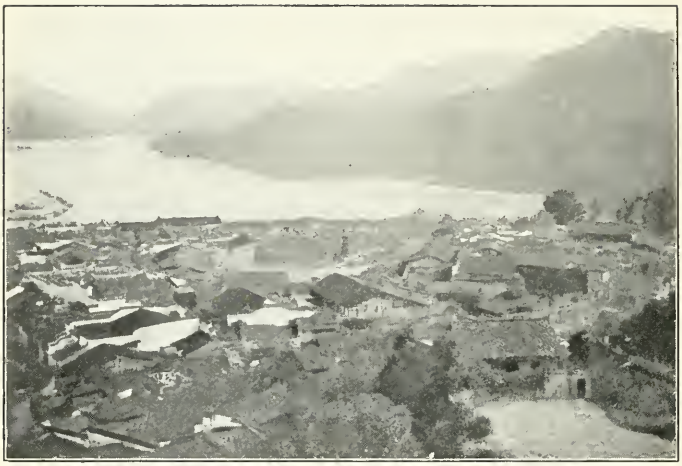
Her eyes shone with joy. "Oh, she was exceeding kind!" she said softly.

"But someone here in China wants to buy the doll for the children in the hospital. She will pay seven dollars for it, and that will help you study a term or more in boarding school. Now I will show you the doll and you can decide."

Then I brought out the wonderful doll and handed her over to Precious Jewel. She held her in her arms for a long, rapturous minute, and looked down into her big dark eyes, and all her little heart yearned to keep her always! Then she looked up at me with something glistening in her eyes, and held the doll out to me.

"I will go to school," she said.

So Precious Jewel went to school, as well as Faithful-and-True. Every night she came home to stay with Mama at our house, and every night she had marvellous tales to tell of what the girls had said and done. And every night she cleaned the lamps, for fifteen cents a month, to earn her school books. She was very happy after her wise choice — happier by far than if she had kept the doll. For had she not longed, oh so many times and so eagerly, to go to that beautiful school like the other girls, ever since that first Sabbath morning when she



This is the city of Lingering Peace, with the Shining River flowing down the mountains. It was here Mook went to the hospital and here he dreamed the golden dream that by and by came true.

saw them sitting so neat and trim in church, and her soul had yearned to be one of them? And now this rosy dream was realized! The first golden wish had been fulfilled.

The second golden wish was Mook's:—

Away up the Shining River, in the city of Lingering Peace, a new world was opening to Mook. He was a long way from his kind uncle now, a long way from all the Chinese friends he knew; he would have been very lonely, had there not been so many thrilling things to think about! Besides, one of the lady teachers had come from the school in Abiding Joy to live in the city of Lingering Peace; and he served the table and helped in the kitchen to earn his way in school.

"Mook," she said to him one morning, "I have to go to Foochow to meet some guests. We need to have the house entirely cleaned and put in order; the curtains must all be taken down and washed and starched and ironed. You know that our two new men are just cowherds from the fields. They know nothing at all about housework. Can you show them how to do all this work? I shall be gone two weeks."

"All right," said Mook: and he began at once. It was funny to see the wee lad going

about the house with the two huge, clumsy fellows at his heels.

When the lady-teacher returned, the whole house was cleaned and in perfect order. And Mook was ten years old!

Going to school with boys was a great delight to Mook. He loved the fine tall lads who were bigger than himself, for still he was very little. How strong they were — how swiftly they could run! Mook went about his household tasks dreaming of the time when he would be big and strong as they were, and could do all the fine things they did. Every day he would wash the dishes as quickly as ever he could, and then run over to school to be with these splendid big brothers.

One very little boy, named Dust-pan, he liked to befriend, because he, too, was so far from home. For this school was the only good school for boys in a place as big as the state of Connecticut, and Dust-Pan had ridden a hundred miles on his father's back to come. Across the way was a school for girls; it also was the only girl's school in a district as big as Connecticut, and little Chrysanthemum had come a hundred miles to school on her father's back. The place Mook liked best of all was the hospital. It was a magnificent big building that looked

This is Mook in the school-room, in the days when Chinese boys wore queues. Mook is on the left end of the front seat.

This is Sound Virtue, the gate-keeper, who was saved from opium in the hospital. What difference did it make to Illustrious Light, his boy, who is now in college, that the hospital was placed in Lingering Peace?

The lad called Dust Pan had that name because he was a very precious boy, and his parents feared the devils would take him if he had a good name. But when they dare to, the Chinese parents give their sons fine names. Sound Virtue is a Christian, and is not afraid.

right down on the Shining River; and in it were rows of neat beds, and sick people could come there and be cured. There was Sound Virtue, the gate keeper; he loved to tell how he came to the hospital an opium wreck, and how the Real Doctor had cured his body and the Great Physician had cured his soul; how his wretched household was changed into a happy Christian home, and how even his old blind father had crept to the church and was saved. Mook loved to slip into the hospital and help; loved to be allowed to give medicine to the sick people; loved it best of all when the doctor left some of the real care of sick people to him. The patients called him "Doctor Mook," and it made him very happy and proud, and his heart swelled with hope that one day he might become a Real Doctor, like this good man who helped everybody so much.

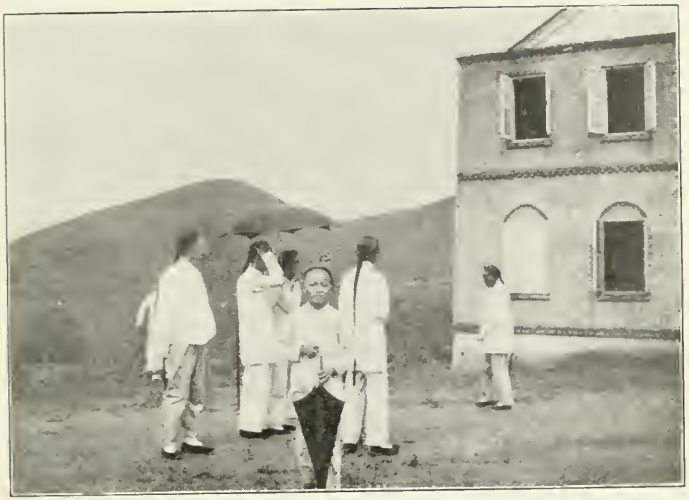
Long ago, in the school on the fair green hill-top in the city of Abiding Joy, Mook had learned to talk everything over with his great loving Friend; so now he brought this wonderful new desire to Jesus in prayer.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and many long, long thoughts came to little Mook up in the city of Lingering Peace, as he looked down on the Shining River that

lay like a silver ribbon in the sun. Suppose — oh, suppose he could one day sit in a big boat and go spinning down the Shining River over the rapids, and then on, on, on, across the mighty sea to that great school where the American Doctor studied, and could learn to cure sick people as he did, and send them home happy and strong! How wonderful that would be! Could it ever, ever come true? That was the second golden wish.

There came a day when he did spin down the whirling rapids to Happy Valley. He had finished all the classes in the city of Lingering Peace and was ready for High School. But there was no money to go to High School; and it costs money to go to a real High School in China. Mook came to our home on the hill that summer to help with the housework. Dai Kai came also, borne up the hill in a basket swung from a man's shoulder, with a stone in the other basket for ballast.

Everybody worked at our house that summer. Even little blind Dai Kai had his duties. He would take the shoes out from the house and set them in a careful row in the sun. He could not always put the mates together, but that did not matter. And then he would wipe them carefully, and take them back to their places. He



And here is Mook looking down over the Shining River. You cannot see the river; it flows in front of the school building.

Did you ever see a city with the house roofs so close together? A cat might walk for miles over these roofs and never need to touch the ground!

This is the city of Happy Valley and Happy District, which Mook looked down upon from the mountain. Do you see the tiny white pagoda in the distance? That was built a thousand years ago.

There are said to be a million people in this city. Thousands go to bed hungry every night. Yet the people of the city spend about five million dollars every year to frighten the plague demons away. The hospitals and schools and churches are making this different; and people are learning to use their money more wisely.

was getting a little more sturdy now, after his loving care in the hospital and blind school. Many weird tales he had to tell, as the boys sat together in the cool evenings looking down on the lights of the city — tales of the old days when he was begging on the Long Bridge; tales of the many times when he had stayed out in the cold all night because the two hundred cash had not come, and he feared the beating by the Beggar Chief. He remembered too, the early days when he was a wee, wee lad and lived with his real Mammy and Daddy, who had been so kind to him before the plague demon took them away. They had much in common, these three — Mook, who was growing tall and manly now, and Faithful-and-True, and little blind Dai Kai; for had not the cruel pestilence left them all fatherless and penniless?

The pestilence had returned that summer with terrible power. Down from the mountain where they sat in the evening talking, they could see long, long processions of lights going around through the city streets; and they could almost hear the din of the gongs as the people carried the Five Rulers about, preceded by the Tall and Short Brother, hoping in their pitiful ignorance that these would scare the cholera demon away. Every day people came up the

mountain and told of men who lay dying by the roadside, with no place to go for help. Nurse Blake was in the city; but what can one nurse do among hundreds of people who are dying every day?

Mook told them it was all a foolish blunder about the cholera demon, for the demon was only dirt. His heart ached as he looked down on the sad, useless processions, for which the poor people were paying so much money, and thought of his own dear parents who were taken when he was little, all because folks did not know how to care for their streets and homes. And more and more in his soul he prayed that some day he might be able to help make these things different!

"Mook," I said one day, as he was filling the water pitchers, "I have no money to send you to High School. But we have not hired a washerman yet; and if you are willing to come to our house and do the washing and other common work, I will give you the washerman's wages and you can go to school."

Mook's heart leaped in his body. Oh, how he had longed, dreamed, and prayed about going to that fine High School! He had learned all about it; it cost seventy-five dollars a year; and seventy-five dollars was a mountain of

This is one of the big school buildings in the fine High School Mook wanted so much to attend. It has a big verandah, so that the school boys can keep cool in the hot June days.

The boys in the High School study the same subjects which High School boys study in America, and when they finish they are prepared to enter college in America. But instead of English literature they study Chinese Classics, which are very deep and hard to learn. They study their Sciences all in English. How would you like to study Chemistry in Chinese?

money! He turned a luminous face toward me.

"Willing! Indeed, I am willing!" he cried.

It did not matter to Mook that the students in the Orient think it dreadfully common to work with one's hands. He was earning his way and he was not ashamed. Early in the fall mornings he got up and drew the water, and had the washing well under way before school time. Faithful-and-True helped him, and merry times they had over the tubs. Precious Jewel was in school also, and came home every night to trim the lamps, and to tell the delightful happenings of the day. Little Dai Kai had gone back to the merry, happy life of the Blind School.

In spite of his washing, the finest youths in the class became Mook's friends. One who was especially dear to him was Hau Huang, a class-mate. Hau Huang was the son of an official in an inland city, but he had not yet come to know Jesus as his Friend; for in his city he had never heard Jesus' name. Many times in the quiet of his room Mook prayed for Hau Huang, and many times he talked with him about the Saviour; but Hau Huang was not convinced. Still Mook prayed and longed to win him. That was the third golden wish — the goldenest wish of all.

Another dear friend to Mook was Lik Diak, leader of the Student Volunteer Band. Mook had joined the Band; and together the two boys went about on Sabbath afternoons telling the story of Jesus to people in the city. Mook also often went with us out into the villages to preach the sweet message of Jesus. "Where is that young man who came with you last time?" the women asked me once. "You can see the lovingkindness shining right out of his face!"

Most of all Mook worked to win the other boys in his own class, especially Hau Haung. Many of the students, like this friend of his, came from wealthy homes, and it is very hard for rich boys in China to become Christians, because their parents are so unwilling. One day we planned a party for them all at our house. We told them beforehand just what it was going to be; we would have a good time first, and then a gospel message, and an invitation to accept Jesus as their Saviour. We explained it all quite plainly, so that no one would feel that he had been caught in a trap. Then we went to work to plan the very nicest evening possible. All afternoon the cook was making cakes in the kitchen, with Mook and Faithful-and-True to help. And I worked as hard as ever I could thinking up jolly games. There is

These are some boys Mook taught in the City of Sweet Cane, when he went out to tell the Good News about Jesus. These little lads would all love to go to school, as Mook did!

Is it fair that they should grow up in ignorance?

These are some of the students of the High School, two classes above Mook, when they had entered Fukien Christian University. The boy at the upper right-hand corner is one who played the clock game so successfully at a party at our house; the second boy from him, beneath the arch, is Mook's friend whom he knew in the school in Lingering Peace.

These students will finish their college course and become Christian leaders in China.

What makes the difference between these boys and those in the city of Sweet Cane?

a way of telling the time, blind-folded, by listening to the ticking of the clock; nobody in the world can guess how you do it! And after the games were finished and Faithful-and-True had passed the cakes and everybody was feeling happy, Mr. Bruce gave a strong manly talk about what it means for a boy to give his life to Jesus and take Him for a Friend. Mook was reverently praying in his heart with all his might that Hau Huang and the other boys would respond. Mr. Bruce used the words:

"Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness and Thee,
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

And he asked all the boys who would like to say those words for themselves to rise. Nine of the boys got up, and I think the very first was Hau Huang!

After the other boys had said good-night and had gone home, these nine boys knelt around our dining-table, and each for himself uttered his first prayer. It was a very simple prayer — the very prayer that Moon Fairy and Moon Pearl and little Malea had uttered on that Easter day long ago in the school-room in Abiding Peace: do you remember?

"Jesus, forgive my sins, and enter my heart."

Before they went home, each one of the nine took another boy in his class to pray for and to try to win. Some weeks later I met one of these nine boys on the street. The most beautiful light on earth or in heaven was shining in his eyes.

"Jesus is in my heart, I *know* it!" he said, softly.

Two years have passed since that evening that was so supremely happy for Mook and the other boys and for me. This year his class was to graduate from High School. All the boys had accepted Jesus except five. These five were rich, brilliant, influential; every possible means had been used to win them, but all to no avail. One youth, Ming Tung, Mook had worked and prayed for unceasingly, but he would not yield. Suddenly, just before the graduation, every one of those lads yielded his heart to Christ! The goldenest wish had come true!

One day our household was saddened by news from Dai Kai. But why should we be sad? For Dai Kai was not sad. He was so happy to go! We learned that even the good doctor had not been able to build up his weak body so that he could grow up, and at last the time came when he had to go to the hospital and creep into the clean bed and stay. He

This is the group of school-girls from Abiding Joy when they grew bigger, and went to Happy Valley to study in the High School and College. Which would you choose to be your chum? The first one at the left at the top is Loving Kindness, who got the doll that could "niak" its eyes. The girl just in front of her is Shining Lotus, Plum Blossom's friend. She has now graduated, and has gone to the school in Abiding Joy to teach. The short girl in the middle of the back row is Perfect Flower, the first girl to enter the school at Abiding Joy. Now she herself is a most efficient and earnest teacher. The girl on the end of the bench at the left is Golden Gem. Wouldn't you like a share in sending such girls into schools and homes in China?

wanted to be baptized with a new name, "Daik Hok," which means "Received Blessing," for he felt very sure the Saviour had accepted him and forgiven all his childish sins. So they had a lovely baptismal service all for him; and afterward, with a happy smile, he went to live with Jesus for always. He thought it was the most beautiful thing that possibly could happen, to go and live with Jesus for always!

And what of Precious Jewel and the rest?

Precious Jewel is now preparing for High School. She is as pretty as a flower, and as good as she is pretty. I hope she can go to college some day! Many of the girls we knew in Abiding Joy are already in college. And I cannot help believing that a beautiful rich future is waiting for Faithful-and-True, and for little Brother of the Sampan, and for Ten-Cent Sister, and for Heavenly Ability. He is now in High School. He looks very grave, stands very straight, and still tries to make himself a whole lot taller than he is! The naughtiest Twinnie is a sweet home-maker now; and Fragrant Tree found a husband in spite of her tears!

And Mook — what about his radiant dream of being a Real Doctor? He has prayed about it so long. Last year there seemed a fair hope that he might come to America; but the hope

faded into nothing, and I had to tell Mook it was all a mistake; he would have to stay in China that summer and cook. Mook bit his lip a little, then he dealt with that disappointment as I saw him deal with the centipede when he was a lad nine years old; he seized it by the neck and throttled the life out of it! Mook choked down the rising lump and went manfully to his cooking.

Last Easter Sunday in an American Sunday School I told the children about Mook. Two years of prayer, his prayer and mine, were behind those simple words. At the close of the Sabbath School, what do you think? A gentleman stepped up to me and said he would give Mook a college education in America!

So the second golden wish is coming to pass, and today Mook, once the little mountain orphan, is the happiest boy in the world!

WHEN THE SWEET DREAM CAME TRUE.

When the sweet dream came true, Lad,
When the sweet dream came true,
I think that day the whole world was glad,
When the sweet dream came true!
And somewhere up in the Heaven, Lad,
Up in the Heaven so blue,
I almost know that an angel sang,
When the sweet dream came true!

DEAD SECRETS FOR THE CHINA CLUB.

DEAD SECRETS FOR THE CHINA CLUB

Wouldn't it be fun to have a party for the Club and invite others, and play the games that Mook's classmates played at their party? There was the clock game, and "Thief Catcher" and "Royal Blood." You mustn't tell anybody outside the Club how they are done, or it won't be any fun at all.

To do the clock game, the two who play it must learn: A stands for one o'clock, B stands for two, C for three, and so on right up to L for twelve. One of the two goes out, and asks the company to set the clock at any hour they like, but it must be set exactly on the hour. Then he comes in blind-folded and listens very carefully to hear the clock tick. It is very much harder to guess how he finds out the time if the other boys and girls do not know who is giving him the hint.

After he has listened a minute to the clock, the rest will begin to talk, and then his helper can say something without being noticed. So he says a sentence beginning with the letter of the alphabet which has the same number as the hour shown on the clock. The sentence "Can he really tell the time?" would indicate three o'clock, because "can" begins with C, and C is

the third letter. Or, if the time set were nine o'clock, he could say: "I don't believe he can tell it this time." And the boy listening to the clock would say presently "It sounds to me like nine o'clock!" "I" is the ninth letter. If the one who is giving the hint sometimes says "Well!" or Oh! at the beginning, before the real sentence, like this: "Well, I don't believe he can tell it this time," it is almost impossible for the company to guess how the trick is done.

The "Thief Catcher" is a great favorite with Chinese boys and girls. One boy goes out and leaves his watch or a coin, and afterward six boys or girls are placed in front as the probable thieves. One of these takes the coin.

Then the Thief Catcher comes in, and goes to different persons in the company, putting his hands on either side of the head of each person and looking silently into his eyes. By and by he will find the right person and will say impressively "Ah! There is the thief!" though nobody has spoken a word.

It is done in this way: the chairs in which the thieves sit are numbered by the two people who are doing the trick, beginning at the right, from 1 to 6. Nobody else knows of this numbering. When the Thief Catcher comes to look

in the eyes of his helper, he places his hands on the sides of the helper's face, as he does to the others, and looks steadily at him; and as he is looking the helper *bites* three times, if it is the third man, or four times if it is the fourth; and the thief catcher can feel the bite in his temples. He can *bite* without making his jaws appear to move. If the company do not know which boy or girl is giving the hint, it is very hard indeed to guess how this game is done.

"Royal Blood" is very simply played, but is hard to guess. One way to play it is this; a throne and a crown are provided; one goes out, and the rest choose a person who is to be King or Queen, but they do not tell the King-maker who it is.

Then the King-maker comes in, and the leader points to some one's hand and says: "Has this hand the royal blood?" The King-maker inspects the veins very carefully and says "No!" When at last he comes to the right person the King-maker says slowly "Yes, I see the royal blood!" and he leads the King or Queen to the throne and places the crown upon his head. The hint is given in this way: the helper points to many hands first, taking care never to point to a hand wearing a ring until just before the hand which is to show the royal

blood. It can all be done silently sometimes, and this is very mysterious indeed!

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Don't you think it would be beautiful if every member of the club would sometime say for himself the words these boys said that night:

> "Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
> To be the best that I can be,
> For truth and righteousness and Thee,
> Oh Lamb of God, I come!

To know He is in our hearts as Kaik Hi knew it — that is the most wonderful secret in the world! And it is for any boy or girl to know, who will say that prayer sincerely, as Kaik Hi said it.

Would you like to take someone in China to pray for every day? It might make life all over for him, as Mook's prayer made life all over for Hau Huang.

In the North and the South
And the East and West
Which little children
Do you love best?

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